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## WHERE WOULD I BE!

FROM THE GERMAN OF H. WOLFF.

Where would I be?  
There, where the rosy wine pearls to the brim;  
There, where due honours crown the poet's hymn;  
There, where the foaming Rhine bounds to the sea!  
There would I be.

Where would I be?  
There, where success at ends the good and brave;  
There, where the gallant skiff light rides the wave;  
Even where on rugged rocks the brave live free—  
There would I be.

Where would I be?  
Where slaves themselves pluck off the bond of shame,  
And leap and bound in many a manly game;  
Where Freedom's eagle breasts her glorious way  
Through the wide ether in the blaze of day,  
With god-like might where slaves themselves set free—  
There would I be.

Where would I be?  
Where, for a life's time, two fast friends have gone,  
Through weal and woe, and lived and loved in one;  
Brave, and devoted in firm unity—  
There would I be.

Where would I be?  
Where the one darling of my heart should rest,  
Her gentle bosom to my bosom prest,  
And gaze for ever with undying bliss  
Within my eyes: breathe one immortal kiss  
Throughout thy length and breadth, eternity—  
There would I be!

## PRESENCE OF MIND.

The differences of the conduct of individuals in situations of danger and sudden emergency are very striking; nor do we always find the best conduct in such circumstances from those who act best in the ordinary affairs of life. Often has it happened that a clever shrewd man of the world, such as the late Mr. Huskisson, has lost all reflection and power to act when unexpectedly overtaken by danger; and not less frequently do we see prompt and vigorous conduct manifested, on like occasions, by women who have never before given token of their being in any respect endowed above their neighbours. Presence of mind thus appears as something not necessarily to be found in union with high intellect or skill. A cunning bravery of the timid, a cowardly but laudably cowardly adroitness of the brave, it sometimes almost appears as an inspiration; and yet we know that it is but a natural endowment, capable, like all others, of being cultivated in everybody by the use of appropriate means. I have heard of a gentleman who took his son to bathe, and actually threw him into a situation of danger, in order to elicit and train his presence of mind: we also know that barbarous nations of warlike character use similar methods with their youth, by way of fitting them for every kind of peril and ambush. It is not, perhaps, desirable that any such plans should be resorted to in our present civilised circumstances; but certainly there is much need to prepare the minds of the young for difficulties and crises, by a full explanation of such as are still likely to occur in the course of life, and by accustoming them as far as possible to habits of prompt action and self-reliance. Much might be done in parlor existence, merely by establishing a certain cool manner for the treatment of all extraordinary matters; for we are so greatly creatures of habit, that if we allow ourselves to be thrown into an excitement by all the little out-of-the-way occurrences of life, we are extremely likely to be thrown into a paroxysm of the same feeling by events of greater moment: nor is it less true that a steady and sober way of viewing small matters will fit us for viewing great ones without the excitement which produces confusion of mind. I verily believe that the stupid habit of getting up a clamour about trifles, has led in many instances to that wildness of alarm in cases of danger which not only forbids escape to the unhappy being exhibiting it, but tends to paralyse and endanger others. The general safety often depends on an entire suppression of excitement and outcry, and it is therefore of the greatest consequence that every person should be trained to a quiet, not to speak of a firm manner of acting under trivial difficulties.

The value of such conduct on occasions of peril involving many lives, was never perhaps better exemplified than in the destruction of the Kent East Indiaman by fire, when not even from the women and children was one sound of alarm heard, the consequence of which was, that the officers and sailors were enabled to do all that was possible in the circumstances for the preservation of the people on board, and the whole of the procedure connected with their transference to the saving vessel was conducted with as much regularity, and almost as much safety, as if it had taken place on an ordinary occasion. In striking contrast was the scene on board the Halsewell, where the two daughters of the captain, losing all self-command, threw themselves upon their father with such frantic cries and lamentations, as overwhelmed his naturally intrepid mind, and thus extinguished the energies upon which at the moment so much depended.

Presence of mind is exemplified in its simplest form, where all that is necessary is to take a deliberate view of the circumstances, and then do that which seems most advantageous. It may be shown, for example, in a choice between the

door and window in a case of fire, or in the selection of something to be saved, as that which is most important. In the year 1716, when a captain came with his troop to execute the vengeance of the government upon the house of a Jacobite gentleman in Perthshire, he humanely gave the inmates a few minutes to remove whatever they deemed most valuable. A lady, the sister of the absent landlord, flew to the store room, thinking to save the plate; when she afterwards inspected the contents of her apron on the lawn, she found, too late, that she had only rescued a quantity of old ca diesticks, butter boats, and similar trash. A gentleman just escaped from a fire in his house, joyfully told his congratulating friends that, in the midst of the confusion, he had been able to open a drawer and save his principal papers. He emptied his pockets, and found only scraps of no use, which had chanced to lie in the same place. I have also heard of a gentleman and his wife who escaped with the greatest difficulty from their burning house, he bearing, as he thought, their infant in his arms. It proved to be but a pillow which he had snatched up in his haste! A moment devoted to a steady, thoughtful consideration of the circumstances, might in all these cases have been attended with the opposite consequences.

Presence of mind is occasionally shown in quick conception of some device or expedient, such as we usually suppose to be an emanation of superior intellect. This has been repeatedly exemplified in rencontres with the insane. A lady known to me was one evening sitting in her drawing room alone, when the only other inmate of the house, a brother, who for a time had been betraying a tendency to unsoundness of mind, entered with a carving-knife in his hand, and shutting the door, came up to her and said, "Margaret, an odd idea has occurred to me. I wish to paint the head of John the Baptist, and I think yours might make an excellent study for it. So, if you please, I will cut off your head." The lady looked at her brother's eye, and seeing in it no token of a jest, concluded that he meant to do as he said. There was an open window and a balcony by her side, with a street in front; but a moment satisfied her that her safety did not lie that way. So putting on a smiling countenance, she said, with the greatest apparent cordiality, "That is a strange idea, George; but wouldn't it be a pity to spoil this pretty new lace tippet I have got? I'll just step to my room to put it off, and be with you again in half a minute." Without waiting to give him time to consider, she stepped lightly across the floor, and passed out. In another moment she was safe in her own room, whence she easily gave an alarm, and the madman was secured.

The story of the gentleman commanded by some insane persons to jump from the top of a tower in their asylum, and who escaped by telling them he would rather jump from the bottom to the top, and run down stairs as if to execute his intention, is well known; but the following anecdote of a similar situation will be new to most readers:—A gentleman accompanying a party to inspect an asylum, chanced to be left behind in the kitchen amongst a number of the inmates who acted as cooks and scullions to the establishment. There was a huge cauldron of boiling water on the fire, into which the madmen declared they must put him, in order to boil him for broth. They would fain have assisted him into the large pot; and as they were laying hold of him, he reflected that in a personal struggle he would have no chance with them—all he could do was to endeavour to gain time. So he said, "Very well, gentlemen, I am sure I should make good broth, if you do not spoil it by boiling my clothes with it." "Take off your clothes," they cried out; and he began to take off his things very slowly, calling out loudly the while time. "Now, gentlemen, my coat is off—I will soon be stripped. There goes my waistcoat—I shall soon be ready;" and so on, till nothing remained but his shirt. Fortunately, the keeper, attracted by his loud speaking, hurried in just in time to save him.

Some anecdotes of escapes from assassins and robbers, by the prompt exercise of presence of mind, are much to the same purpose. A young man, travelling in one of the public coaches, was much interested by the accounts of robberies which his fellow-passengers were detailing. An old gentleman mentioned that he always took the precaution of secreting his money in his boot, merely keeping silver for his incidental expenses in his pocket. The old gentleman appeared to be captivated with the politeness and intelligence of the young man, to whom he addressed much of his conversation, who on his part was equally pleased with the kindness and urbanity of his elder companion. Thus some hours had passed agreeably, when, just at nightfall, as they were passing a wild and lonely moor, the coach was stopped by robbers, who rifled the pockets of those nearest to them, giving the old gentleman a hearty exclamation for having his purse so badly furnished. They came last to the young man, who was seated in the far corner, and demanded his purse. "I never carry any money," said he. "We'll not take your word for that," said his assailants. "Indeed I don't," said the young man; "my uncle always pays for us both, and there he is," continued he, pointing to the old gentleman, "and he has got our money in his boot." The old gentleman was dragged from the coach, his boot pulled off, and three ten-pound notes were found. He was then suffered to resume his seat, and the coach drove on. Hot was his anger, and bitter were his upbraidings, against his betrayer, whom he did not hesitate to accuse of both treachery and pusillanimity. The young man listened in silence, as if ashamed and conscience-stricken. They passed over some miles, and at length reached an inn by the wayside. The travellers alighted, and, on going in, the young man requested the old gentleman would allow him to say a few words in private. They retired into a room by themselves. "I have not only to ask your pardon, my dear sir," said the young man, "but to thank you for the fortunate expedient with which your confidence furnished me, and to hand to you the sum of thirty pounds in lieu of that which I appeared so unceremoniously to point out to the robbers. I am sure you will forgive me, when I tell you that the note-case in my pocket contained notes for £500, the loss of which would have been utter ruin to me." It need scarcely be added that the adopted uncle shook hands cordially with his young acquaintance, and took him into more marked favour than ever.

One of the most striking cases of presence of mind and self-possession of which I have any recollection, came to light in a trial which took place some years since in Ireland. The story looks like a fiction; but I have reason to believe it quite true. A woman travelling along a road to join her husband, who was a soldier, and quartered at Athlone, was joined by a pedlar, who was going the same way. They entered into conversation during a walk of some hours; but as the day began to wane, they agreed that they would stop for the night at a house of entertainment, and pursue their pedestrian journey the next day. They reached a humble inn, situated in a lonely spot by the road side; and, fatigued after their long day's walk, they were glad to find themselves under the shelter of a roof. Having refreshed themselves with the substantial supper set before them, they expressed a wish to retire. They were shown into the traveller's room, and went to rest in their respective beds. The pedlar, before retiring, had called the landlord aside, and given into his keeping the pack, which he had unstrapped from his back, till the morning, telling him that it contained a considerable sum of money and much valuable property. They were not long in bed before the pedlar fell into a deep sleep; but the poor woman, perhaps from over-fatigue, or from thoughts of meeting her husband next day, lay awake. A couple of hours might have passed, when she saw the door slowly opened, and a person enter holding a light, which he screened with his hand. She instantly recognised in him one of the young men she had seen below—son to the landlord. He advanced with stealthy steps to the bed-side of the pedlar, and watched by him for a few seconds. He then went out, and entered again with his brother and his father, who held in his hand a large pewter basin. They went on tiptoe to the bedside, where the pedlar lay in a deep sleep. One of the young men drew out a knife, and while the father held the basin so as to receive the blood, he cut the poor victim's throat from ear to ear. A slight half-audible groan, and all was still, save the cautious movements of the party engaged in the fatal deed. They had brought in with them a large sack, into which they quickly thrust the unresisting body. The poor woman lay silently in her bed, fearing that her turn would come next. She heard low muttering among the men, from which she soon gathered that they were debating whether they should murder her too, as they feared she might have it in her power to betray them. One of them said he was sure that she was sound asleep, and that there was no occasion to trouble themselves more; but to make sure of this being the case, one came to her side with the candle in his hand, and the other with the knife. She kept her eyes closed as if in sleep, and had such complete command over herself, as not to betray in her countenance any sign that she was conscious of what was going on. The candle was passed close to her eyes; the knife was drawn across close to her throat; she never winced, or showed by any movement of feature or of limb that she apprehended danger. So the men whispered that she was so soundly asleep that nothing was to be feared from her; and they went out of the room, removing the sack which contained the body of the murdered man. How long must that night of horror have seemed to the poor lone woman—how frightful its stillness and its darkness! The presence of mind which had so astonishingly enabled her to act a part to which she owed her life, sustained her all through the trying scene which she had yet to pass. She did not hurry from her room at an unseasonably early hour, but waited till she heard all the family astir for some time; she then went down, and said she believed she had oversteered herself, in consequence of being greatly tired. She asked where the pedlar was, and was told that he had been in too great a hurry to wait for her, but that he had left sixpence to pay for her breakfast. She sat down composedly to that meal, and forced herself to partake with apparent appetite of the food set before her. She appeared unconcerned of the eyes which with deep scrutiny, were fixed upon her. When the meal was over, she took leave of the family, and went on her way without the least appearance of discomposure or mistrust. She had proceeded but a short way, when she was joined by two strapping-looking women; one look was sufficient to convince her that they were the two young men, and one thought to assure her that she was yet in their power, and on the very verge of destruction. They walked by her side, entered into conversation, asked her where she was going, told her that their road lay the same way: they questioned her as to where she had lodged the night before, and made most minute inquiries about the family inhabiting the house of entertainment. Her answers appeared quite unembarrassed, and she said the people of the house had appeared to be decent and civil, and had treated her very well. For two hours the young men continued by her side, conversing with her, and watching with the most scrutinising glances any change in her countenance, and asking questions which, had she not been fully self-possessed, might have put her off her guard. It was not till her dreaded companions had left her, and till she saw her husband coming along the road to meet her, that she lost the self-command which she had so successfully exercised, and throwing herself into his arms, fainted away.

But there is a still more painful test to which presence of mind may be put than even personal danger, however great. It is when, seeing a beloved object in imminent peril, one inadvertent word, one passionate exclamation, one burst of sensibility, might increase the risk tenfold. It were needless to insist on the urgent necessity of presence of mind, in the form of self-command at such a time, and I will merely illustrate the subject by an example where the strongest sensibilities of our nature were suppressed, while some, without one particle more of affection, but many thousand degrees less of sense and self-control, would have screamed, or fainted, or acted so as to hurry on the catastrophe most dreaded. A lady with whom I am acquainted, one day returning from a drive, looked up and saw two of her children, one about five, and the other about four years old, outside the garret window, which they were busily employed in rubbing with their handkerchiefs, in imitation of a person whom they had seen a few days before cleaning the windows. They had clambered over the bars which had been intended to secure them from danger. The lady had sufficient command over herself not to appear to observe them; she did not utter one word, but hastened up to the nursery, and instead of rushing forward to snatch them in, which might have frightened them, and caused them to lose their balance, she stood a little apart, and called gently to them, and bade them come in. They saw no appearance of hurry or agitation in their mamma, so took their time, and deliberately climbed the bars, and landed safely in the room. One look of terror, one tone of impatience from her, and the little creatures might have become confused, and lost their footing, and been destroyed.

It has sometimes happened that, in hurry and confusion, a wrong medicine has been administered by the hand of one who would have sacrificed life to save a beloved object from the danger with which they were threatened by a sudden illness or accident, and who, had they preserved their presence of mind, might have been spared one of the bitterest misfortunes that can be conceived. To have self-possession in such a case may be life and health to one who is every

thing to us. It may happen, too, that illness or accident may overtake us while away from medical aid, or distant from any friend. The great advantages of presence of mind in such cases struck me very forcibly when I heard Captain W—— relate the following anecdote:—He was a young man when he served General Abercromby as an ensign at the battle of Alexandria. His leg was carried off by a cannon-ball. He of course instantly fell, and remained stunned for some time. On recovering his recollection, he found his wound bleeding profusely, and no assistance near. The forces had left the field in such haste, as to be unable to attend to the wounded and the dying, who were now his only companions. He loosened his sash, and bound it as tightly as he could about the wound, and seeing a dead soldier lying near, he stretched out his hand and seized his bayonet; he then thrust it through a knot which fastened the sash, and twisted it tightly, thus forming a tourniquet, which so effectually stanching the blood, that when he was found some hours after, the great effusion had ceased. No doubt he would have been numbered with the dead, but for the extraordinary presence of mind which at once suggested the only mode by which he could be saved. He eventually recovered, and still lives.

Presence of mind may also be brought to bear with good effect in many of the trivial conjunctures of life. It is often shown in a ready answer, turning anger into good humour, or overturning a false accusation, which otherwise might have proved troublesome. There can be no question that it may be improved for serious emergencies by being cultivated in these familiar and more simple cases. But there is one caution to be observed. Let presence of mind be used only as a defence. When employed for purposes of deception, or to advance selfish objects, we may admire it as an intellectual feature, but regret must at the same time arise that the direction given to it is one in which we cannot sympathise.

### JEMIMAH WILKINSON, THE AMERICAN PROPHETESS.—BY COLONEL J. HUNSON.

The subject of this sketch received her being in the state of Rhode Island, one of the New England states, North America, about 1756, while the country remained a British province.

The parents of Jemimah were not above the common yeomanry of the country, except that her father was a ruling elder in the Calvinistic church. Her grandfather had been more distinguished. He had sat in the first council of the colony, where, on account of its being seed-time, and the members anxious to get home to their farms, they gravely resolved to adopt the laws of God for the government of the colony, until they should have time to meet together and make better.

Jemimah inherited the native talents of the whole stock; and I should conclude from her subsequent career, that her education was superior to what fell to the common lot of New England females at that period. From the living chronicles of the place, I have not been enabled to gather any thing important of her early history, before she reached the age of twenty-four years, except that she was very grave, contemplative, absent, and somewhat eccentric.

There is a certain epoch in the history of all prophets, whether true or false, from which they date their commission; when, either by a vision, the ministrations of angels, a journey to heaven, or by the voice of God himself, the inspired one receives, or pretends to have received, the Divine afflatus, by which he is qualified to open his authoritative message to the world. If the lips of Isaiah were touched with hallowed fire from off the altar; if Mahomet was caught up into the country of Cherubim; so Jemimah Wilkinson, late of Rhode Island, spinster, at the age of twenty-four met the Almighty in a trance, as she ever after boldly affirmed, and received a commission at His hands. The circumstances of this event are too important in the history of the prophetess to pass unnoticed, and must therefore here appear in their order.

It occurred, then, about 1780, when our heroine was of the age aforesaid, that after a few days' slight illness, she fell into an unusual syncope, presenting more the pallid lineaments of death than any state of disease known to physiology. Her eyes remained partially open, fixed on some terrific object; pulsation had ceased; the silver cord seemed loosed; the wheels of life stood still; and nothing indicative of vitality remained, but a slight warmth in the region of the heart. In this condition she had remained for two days and two nights, when her medical attendants, after having exhausted their skill in efforts at resuscitation, pronounced her dead; and the agonized family, no longer held in suspense, now found a definite object for their grief, as they poured out their tears for their beloved and lost one. It is the custom of that country to bury the dead on the next day after the decease. No invitation is extended to particular friends, to be in attendance. The corpse is generally removed to the parish meeting-house, where a promiscuous congregation is assembled with the minister; singing, prayer, and a funeral sermon follow, when the whole congregation march in procession to the place of sepulture. Accordingly, the next day was fixed for the funeral of Jemimah Wilkinson. When it arrived, an immense concourse of people were on the spot, drawn out, as well on account of the popularity of the deceased, as from a laudable curiosity to learn more of the singular circumstances attending her exit. The family appeared in decent mourning; the coffin was placed on the altar in front of the pulpit; the preacher had ascended the holy place, and was in profound meditation, preparatory to that solemn service which devolved upon him. The assembly, in sympathy with the scenes before them, an feeling that they were in the house of mourning, were hushed into silence; when, of a sudden, and to the astonishment of all, resound, three distinct raps, coming forth from the narrow house of the dead, sounded through the aisles, and echoed from the vaulted ceiling of the church. This was succeeded by a silence still more profound; not a limb was moved nor a whisper breathed; the awe-stricken Puritans sat in solemn amazement, as if the day of judgment, and the voice of the last trumpet, had just sounded in their ears. In the midst of this silence, and while every eye was turned toward the altar, the short lid at the head of the coffin was thrown back, and the pale hand of Jemimah Wilkinson was extended upwards, as if in the effort of rising. In a moment the pious divine and family physician were at her side. The lower lid was stricken off; aid was given to her effort, and she sat up in her grave clothes in the midst of an amazed congregation. After a short pause, the prophetess opened her lips in faint words, which were rendered audible only by the breathless silence which otherwise prevailed. She declared that her former self had died, and passed into the land of spirits—that this which they now saw was her resurrection and spiritual body, redeemed from corruption by the power of God, that she might come back to earth, as a new proof of the resurrection of the dead—that, while absent from the body, she had received a commission from the Holy One, investing her with the power of Jesus Christ until his second coming to judge the world—that she had authority to raise up a holy and elect



church on the earth, who should share with her first resurrection, and be present to witness her equal glory with Christ when he should descend in the clouds of heaven. It may well be supposed, that this astounding announcement, made under circumstances thus extraordinary, was not without its effects upon a multitude so disposed to the marvellous from their sympathy in the scene. Its ultimate influence upon the surrounding neighbourhood will be and by more fully appear. Various opinions have been entertained by the philosophic and incredulous in the neighbourhood, as to the true character of this extraordinary vision. Some very good men have supposed that the Almighty, whose power over the invisible world is as absolute as over the material universe, did indeed in this instance employ a spiritual agency to effect some good purpose; but that, through the weakness of the erring creature, what was intended for salvation was perverted, and made the occasion of the wildest fanaticism. To support this notion, her former piety, and the other wise inexplicable features of the case, are referred to.

Others have supposed that the melancholic subject of the vision was predisposed to swooning or fainting fits, in which, while the other powers of mind and body were suspended, the imagination, as in case of a dream, was left free to wander over heaven, earth, and hell; and that her previous sublimated piety gave direction to her fancy, and led her thoughts up to the temple and throne of God, where she verily supposed she heard the announcements, and received the commission, which she afterwards made known. This notion finds corroboration in the apparent sincerity of her after life. If correct, it presents a notable case of self-deception.

Others, again, have resolved the whole matter into a systematic scheme for personal aggrandizement, power, and wealth; by which its authoress becomes the founder of a sect, the leader of a party, and the oracle of her devoted followers. This explanation, though less charitable than the others, and scarcely reconcilable with her former piety, and the wonderful phenomenon of the trance, is, nevertheless, more in accordance with her future developments.

It is said, that "a prophet is not without honours, save in his own country," but it must be conceded to Jemimah Wilkinson, that even there, and among her own kinsmen, her mission was honoured by scores of proselytes. Her father's family, and immediate kinsfolks, who best knew her moral character, and who were eye-witnesses of her trance, were the first to seal their testimony to the truth of her doctrine, by unreserved discipleship.

Soon she established a regular meeting, where the people flocked in multitudes; some to gratify an awakened curiosity, others to wait on her ministrations with a profound conviction of their truth. Some who were present on such occasions, and who were by no means favourable to her pretensions, have assured me, that so much evangelical truth was mixed up with her statement; so original were her conceptions; so vivid her imagination; so sublimated her piety, and pathetic her appeals, that it was not strange that the unlettered mind should be warped from the common faith, and hundreds should rally around her standard, to go up with her to possess the goodly land. The company of the faithful in her native state already numbered some hundreds. That it was not quadrupled, was owing, undoubtedly, to the impolitic adoption of an unnatural rule for the government of her flock; namely, that they should "neither marry nor be given in marriage; and those who had wives, should become as those who had none."

Religionists of all ages have been tinctured with this folly. It was the foundation of the monastic orders. Its requirements, by the Popes, of the clergy of Britain, furnished matter of contention for many centuries. The stalwart Saxon, in whom the voice of nature was too potent for such single spirituality, resisting into bonds and imprisonment, raised up a standard against papal domination, which was only confirmed and established in the reformation of Luther. Founders of sects, therefore, who incorporate this element into their systems, however they may prosper for a season, will find in the end, that nature will resent such a prohibition in her empire,—her voice will be heard,—her laws will prevail, to the subversion and overthrow of every celibate hierarchy.

Another element adopted in Jemimah's system was conceived in more wisdom. Though at war with the conventional usages of society, it outraged no laws of nature; and addressed itself to the indigent and hungry, it operated as a foil to the other objectionable features, by drawing in the poor, the maimed, the halt, the deaf, and blind, to the place of bread, and equal enjoyments.—This item was no other than that adopted by the first disciples of Jesus, when the Holy Ghost had fallen on them at Pentecost, when "neither of them said that ought of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things common." Another principle adopted and acted on in this new system was, to collect and adopt, as constituent parts of their community, all the orphans, foundlings, and poor children, within reach of their operations; thereby in a manner, supplying the defects of the other part of the system, that the society of the faithful should not ultimately become extinct. These two last mentioned elements, though wisely contrived, to increase the number of the sect, could not fail, in their practical working, to increase poverty in the same proportion. This was soon felt, to the heart of the community. Jemimah could shower down the spiritual bread, such as it was, in profuse abundance, which she never failed to do at their solemn convocations; but still, these ethereal minded disciples were constantly reminded that they were still in the body, by the cravings of unsatisfied appetites, and the shivering of their uncovered limbs. This was a matter to be looked into.

Matters for the society were getting worse and worse. What was to be done? In this emergency the Prophetess applied to the divinity that *was within her*, and the answer returned was, "Thou shalt go into a strange country, and to a people of strange language; but fear not; for lo! the angel of his presence [alias, Jemimah Wilkinson] shall go with thee. He shall lead thee; and the Shechinah [that is, Jemimah] shall be thy rearward."

About this period, the celebrated Oliver Phelps, whose history I may hereafter lay before the public, had effected his treaty with the Seneca Indians, by which an extensive territory of Western New York was ceded to him and his heirs for ever. This purchase was seventy miles in breadth, and an hundred in length; bounded on the north by Lake Ontario; east by Cayuga lake; south by Pennsylvania, and the spurs of the Alleghany mountains; and west by the Genesee river. At this period, it is the most populous and highly cultivated portion of the Union; and, having respect to luxuriosity of soil, abounding wealth, hydraulic erections, clustering cities, towns, and villages, convenience to market, and other elements of perpetual prosperity, I think all travellers who have visited the spot will agree with me in saying, it is the garden of the New World.

At the time of which we write, when the Prophetess received her direction to go to a strange country, this was, indeed, a strange and unknown land to the settled portion of America, lying far beyond the limits of civilization. The sound of the axe had never been heard in its ancient forests,

nor had foot of the most adventurous pioneer pressed its soil. It was, indeed, the habitation of a people of strange language; for no voice, since "the morning stars sang together" at creation's birth, had ever broken the solitude of the wilderness, or awoken echo from its deep glens and mountain-caves, save the whoop of the savage warrior, or the howlings of beasts of prey. To this country, then, when in the condition I have just described it, Jemimah Wilkinson emigrated with her followers,—performing a journey of five hundred miles, mostly through the forests, destitute of highways,—to plant her colony in a more congenial soil, and develop her doctrines on a wider theatre. Though the savage tribes had conveyed by treaty the greater part of the territory, yet, as the process of settling, by the whites, would occupy many years, those stalwart foresters, the ancient proprietors of the land, still lingered around the graves of their forefathers, as if in no haste to break communion with their hallowed manes, which they believed to people the air, and "walk the earth unseen, both when they waked and when they slept," warning them of approaching danger, and becoming their guardian genius through the vicissitudes of life. These scattered tribes, though principally inhabiting their reservations on the aforesaid territory, were not scrupulous in the matter of the chase, but promiscuously wandered over the whole country for their game; and, what was quite natural in the case, they looked with jealousy and distrust at any encroachment on their ancient dominions; having occasion to be dissatisfied with a treaty procured by guile, if not by fraud, by which their hunting-ground was about to pass from them for ever; their sacred spots, consecrated to the dead, to be desecrated; and the bones of their venerated chieftains to be turned up by the white man's plough share, to bleach in the sun beams, or mingle with the common earth. It was, then, with no ordinary feelings of surprise that a hunting party of these savages witnessed the arrival of the holy band, consisting of some hundreds, with the Prophetess at their head. Runners were despatched from this small party of Indians to notify to the head men of the nation this important event. Jemimah had effected her purchase of land of its proprietor, consisting of a township, of six miles square, in the very heart of this beautiful country. She named her purchase after the holy city of Judea; calling it *Jerusalem*, because out of it was to go forth the word of life, to enlighten the surrounding nations, as well pagan as civilized.

It still retains the name bestowed upon it by the Prophetess; and will be found by the traveller, about twelve miles south-west of the beautiful town of Geneva, on the west side of the Seneca lake, in the well known county of Ontario. That the reader may know with what rapidity the value of real estate is advanced in a new country, by its progressive improvements, I will here state, the worth of Jemimah's purchase at this time, is not less than £400,000 sterling. Its original cost, to the Prophetess, as is still to be seen in the record of her deed, at Canandaigua, the capital of Ontario, was but £500. Well, the next difficulty to be encountered, was with those turbulent neighbours, the Seneca Indians; for a settlement within their borders could not go on, at that period, unless they could be propitiated.

The neglect of such a precaution, has been the occasion of many a bloody massacre. Penn, perhaps, with the exception of Jemimah Wilkinson, was the only pioneer of emigration in the new world, who adopted the true policy with these unlettered children of nature. His scheme, bottomed on eternal justice, and the pacific theory of the gospel, being practically carried out before the pagan eye, won for Christianity (exhibited in that amiable form) the profoundest reverence, even from savage breasts; while, at the same time, it procured the safety and prosperity of his band of emigrants, who first peopled Philadelphia and the country around. His doings are too well known to need repetition here. They stand recorded on the enduring page of national history; and live in the veneration of his followers.

While Jemimah and her disciples were busily employed in laying out their grounds, it being on a spot formerly occupied as an Indian village, a formidable band of the natives, who had been collected by the runners, looked in upon her quite unexpectedly, and to the dismay of her lamb-like believers. The Prophetess alone remained unmoved at this hostile array—for the warriors had come well armed; with rifles and long carbines, hatchets, and scalping-knives gleamed in the sun's rays, as they depended from their belts; the war-paint upon their faces, and eagle quills nodding on their scalp tufts, invested them with unearthly ferocity; so that a much more valorous band than the followers of Jemimah, might well have had misgivings, without the charge of cowardice justly resting on them. The Prophetess approached the intruders with a firm step, and undaunted eye, appalled in that unique dress which I shall hereafter describe. She was met, to her surprise, by a lad of white skin, who addressed her in good English. This lad was no other than Jasper Parrish, afterwards Captain Parrish, who became the United States interpreter, in their negotiations with the Indians, for forty years thereafter. Born in Pennsylvania, he was taken prisoner some years previous, in the revolutionary war, when his family were all massacred in his presence, and himself caused to run the gauntlet. He came off triumphant—was adopted into an Indian family—became a favourite—finally settled in Canandaigua, enriched by Indian munificence—filled a broad space in the good opinion of his country—died in the bosom of civilization, within the pale of the Christian church. This Jasper Parrish, while a vagrant orphan, incorporated with the wandering tribes, as one of their number, met the Prophetess of Rhode Island, in advance of his savage companions, who were drawn up in battle array. He inquired of her, who she was, whence she came, who were her companions, and what was their present object. Her answer, as Parrish afterwards reported it, was as follows:—"I am the Out-beaming of God on earth, in the place of Jesus Christ, until his second coming—I came from the east—these are the lambs of my flock—and we seek a pasture in the wilderness. The interpreter, though a youth, was a shrewd lad; he comprehended in a breath, as well from the vehemence and apparent sincerity of the speaker, as from her singular dress, that she was some fanatic; and he conceived the thought, that this could be turned to good account with the savages, whose superstitions in these matters, I will shortly hereafter describe. But the young interpreter was in a sad perplexity to determine to which *sex* the "Out-beaming" belonged; especially as her dress was so equivocal, that it went to establish, rather than resolve the doubt.

And, as I have referred to this habilitment once before, and promised an explanation, I will proceed to describe it as I saw it myself, many years afterwards; especially, as I was assured, by those who knew, that her dress was never varied through her long prophetic life. First, then, she wore neither gown nor petticoat. Her lower limbs were covered with kilts or *pantalettes*, coming down midway between the knee and ankle—they were composed of very fine woolen cloth, of light drab colour. Her hose were of linen thread, of flax colour;—shoes covered with large yellow buckles. Her tunic was like a bishop's under-dress; showing a skirt opening in front, coming down midway between the waist and knee. The outward garment, covering the bust and

arms, was not unlike a riding habit with rolling collar and wide lappels, turning back upon the breasts. Around her neck was a wide white ribbon, crossed in front, and pinned down upon her breast, not unlike a clergyman's small linen worn in front. The material of the habit and tunic were all of a piece with her kilts, being a very light-coloured drab. Her black hair parted in front, and coming down upon her shoulders, on each side, rolled up in natural curls. She wore a drab quaker hat, with a rim not less than eight inches wide. While my hand is at description, let me say as to her person, that nature had not been stingy, either in bulk of material, or symmetrical adjustment. She was considerably above the middle stature, as to height and muscular development. Her eyes were coal black, large, steady, firm: the *tout ensemble*, or entire person of Jemimah Wilkinson, taken with her carriage, manners, and address would impress the beholder, with strong intellect, decision of character, deep sincerity, and passionate devotion.

Now my reader will understand, from the above, why young Parrish doubted as to which sex she belonged; and her voice furnished no better clue; as, in aid of nature, she had made it sonorous by her out-pourings to her flock, some of whom were deaf, as before stated. My reader may think me trifling upon this question of sex; for he will ask me, what mattered it to the interpreter, whether the Prophetess was man or woman? Be patient, kind reader—don't anticipate. Let me assure you, matter enough depended on this equivocal point. The success of the whole enterprise: ay, the safety of the lambs of the flock:—yea more, the life of the Prophetess herself depended on this single point. If the reader will indulge me in another digression, I will here satisfy him, on the spot, of the truth of the above statement. Indians, like Orientalists, place women low in the scale of moral being, denying to them souls and immortality; hence they refuse them a place in the council house; intrust them with no secrets of war; admit them to no part of religious rites:—and if a woman is even suspected of divination, or having to do with invisible agencies, she is immediately put to death as a witch, and her children must seek shelter in a foreign tribe. While, on the other hand, *Medicine men*, as they call an astrologer, or magician, ranks high in the nation; wielding authority even over their chiefs; sitting among their kings; and ruling by his counsel, as the great prophet of the tribe, in all affairs of war and state. Now, had the interpreter announced Jemimah Wilkinson, to the warriors, as a woman having the power of Deity, or as dealing in occult arts, her heart's blood would have been spilled before the chieftains left the spot, and the lambs of her flock been devoured by the *savage wolves* of the Senecas. The matter of sex, therefore, as the reader now sees, became most important on that occasion. Parrish, who had witnessed barbarous massacres enough, was deeply anxious to prevent the blood of these unarmed enthusiasts being shed; and, knowing the Indian customs aforesaid, put the direct inquiry to Jemimah, whether she were man or woman! "As to that, young man," replied the Prophetess, "I am neither; being the effulgence of Divinity, and at the head of a kingdom whose subjects neither marry nor are given in marriage; and where they are neither Greek nor Jew, bond nor free, male nor female, it does not behove me to allow the distinctions of the flesh, where all are one in Christ, whose authority I now wield." This was a poser to the young interpreter. He knew not how to proceed. Jemimah, perceiving his embarrassment, added, "True, I was once known as Jemimah Wilkinson; was then a woman, and so remained till my mortality put on immortality, and was swallowed up of spiritual life." "God be thanked for that," said Parrish, "keep the old name to yourself; and, if you were not actually changed from woman to man, in the operation, let me say to the Indians that you are a man, or you'll meet with a worse change than ever came over you down East." A few words served to explain the Indian custom to the quick apprehension of the Prophetess, who undoubtedly rejoiced in spirit that on that occasion, at least, she was delivered from the bonds of the flesh. Parrish, as master of ceremonies, and chief mediator in this grave affair, left Jemimah where they had been standing, and hastened to his companions, to report progress. If I were not opposed to the pedantic usage of interlarding English books with scraps of French and Italian, and, moreover, if I supposed my readers understood the language of the Senecas, I should bring out the life-tints of these Indian scenes in their guttural and beautifully figurative dialect; but, having undertaken to write an English account of this woman, I should not redeem my pledge by talking in an unknown tongue. Would that my contemporary writers might think of this matter, and govern themselves accordingly! Well, Parrish declared to the assembled warriors, that the great medicine man of the Pale-faces, whose mysterious power in divination was the admiration of his own nation, being moved with compassion for the wandering tribes, had left the place of the sun's rising, accompanied by his friends, and, after passing their boundless forests, had arrived in the heart of the Senecas, to teach them more fully of the Great Spirit, to heal their diseases, defend them from Evil ones, and, controlling the elements of nature, to bring fruitful seasons, good fishing and hunting, and general prosperity. This announcement was received by the savages with mingled feelings of surprise, joy, and doubt. They desired to approach nearer to this mysterious being, that they might better satisfy themselves, by scrutiny, as to the reality of her pretensions.

Jemimah, who was an adept in reading men's thoughts, whether savage or civilized, perceived at once that she had nothing to fear from the approach of these awe-stricken Pagans. She knew by their very movement that a favourable impression had already been made upon them; so that she was perfectly self-possessed, and prepared to deepen the veneration with which they approached her. As they formed a semi-circle around her, she solemnly raised her hands toward heaven, threw back her head, closed her eyes, moved her lips as if in holy communion with the Highest; while her countenance, lighted up with celestial ardour, betrayed unearthly emotion, such as man might not look upon and remain unaffected. When the interest of the warriors was thus wrought up to the highest pitch of intensity, her eyes gently opened, her arm waved downwards in concentric circles as if in the act of pouring blessings on their heads, while her lips pronounced these solemn words:—"May the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob pour his blessings upon you! Receive my blessing in the name of the Lord." This being interpreted to the Indians, they bowed themselves toward the Prophetess, in token of reverence, and silently retired. As these foresters never despatch any grave matters in haste, they chose not to commit themselves further in this affair, until their course of procedure should be settled in general council, when their own prophet, orators, and sage men, should all be present, to act as might be required. Accordingly, runners were despatched to the Genesee Reservations to assemble a full delegation of the wise men of the tribe, at a council fire, to be held near to Jerusalem.—[Remainder next week.]

#### CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

Varro reckoned that, among the old philosophers, there were 800 opinions concerning the *summum bonum*. Modern philosophers do not appear to have

lost the faculty of invention, for M. Reyniere, in his *Cours-Gastronomique*, affirms that they were acquainted in France with 685 different modes of dressing eggs for table, to say nothing of those which *nos savans* were discovering every day.

The earliest book in which engravings are found is a Dante, printed at Florence in 1481. Monday, the 5th of January 1665, is the date of the first number of the first review, the *Journal des Scavans*, and the first book reviewed was an edition of Victor Vitenses and Vigilius Tapsensis, African bishops of the fifth century, by Father Chilet, a Jesuit. The review was of small size, and published weekly, each number containing from twelve to sixteen pages.

Lope de Vega, the Spanish dramatist, wrote upwards of 2000 original pieces, but not more than 300 of them have been printed. He has himself stated that his average amount of work was five sheets a-day; and it has been calculated that he composed during his life 133,225 sheets, and about 21,300,000 verses.

The earliest instance of the use of men's paper is an Arabic version of the Aphorisms of Hippocrates, the manuscript of which bears date in the year 1100.

Pietro Bembo a noble Venetian, secretary to Leo X., was noted for the fastidious revisions he bestowed upon his compositions. He had forty portfolios, through which each sheet gradually found its way; but no remove was ever made until it had undergone a fresh perusal, and further correction. Mr. T. B. Macaulay states in one of his admirable essays, that he has in his possession the variations in a very fine stanza of Ariosto, which the poet had altered a hundred times. Petrarca is said to have made forty-four alterations in one verse. Gibbon wrote his memoir six times over, and after all has left it a fragment. In that work he has mentioned what a number of experiments he made in the composition of his great history, before he could hit the middle one between a dull chronicle and a rhetorical declamation. The first chapter was written and re-written three times, and the second and third twice, before he was tolerably satisfied with their effect. Buffon wrote his *Epoque de la Nature* eighteen times before he allowed them to appear in print. Every line of Sismondi's Italian Republics was written three times, and so were almost the whole of his historical works. As he drew nearer the end of his life, composition was less laborious, and he contented himself with writing parts of the History of France twice over only. His revision of what he had written was very careful: he corrected his proofs five or six times, and generally twice read aloud all that he penned.

A shoemaker of the free city of Nuremberg, by name Hans Sachs, composed fifty-three sacred, and seventy-eight profane dramas, sixty-four farces, fifty-nine fables, and a great quantity of other poetry. He was born in 1464.

The following whimsical will in rhyme was written by William Hunnis, a gentleman of the chapel under Edward VI., and afterwards chapel-master to Queen Elizabeth:—

To God my soule I do bequeathe, because it is his owne,  
My body to be layd in grave, where to my friends best known;  
Executors I will none make, thereby great stryfe may grow,  
Because the goods that I shall leave wyll not pay all I owe.

The same person wrote a song commencing, "When first mine eyes did view and mark, printed in Campbell's Specimens, which Mr. Hallam mentions with high praise.

Talk of the extensive sale which a popular work now-a-days meets with; why, in the year 1511, 1800 copies of the *Encomium Morie* (the Praise of Folly), by Erasmus, were disposed of, and in 1527, 24000 copies of the same writer's *Colloquies* were printed and sold! Of the *De Imitatione Christi*, by old Thomas a Kempis, it has been calculated that 1800 editions have appeared; and sixty editions of the *Orlando Furioso* were published in the sixteenth century.

In 1508 there appeared a translation of Polybius, the patron of which is thus addressed in the dedication:—"Charles Watson wyseth thee Argantos' age, Polyocrates' prosperity, Augustus' auncie, and after the consummation of this terrestrial tragedy, a seate amongst the celestial hierarchy." Mr. Watson seems to have been one of those men of compliments, whose "high-born words" Shakspeare has ridiculed in *Love's Labour Lost*. Sir Walter Scott has also given us a specimen of Euphuism, as this inflated phraseology was called, in one of his novels.

Dr. Philemon Holland, a translator of Plutarch's *Morals*, having made one pen do service throughout the work, which covered more than a ream of paper, indited this distich at the close of his labours:

This booke I wrote with one poor pen, made of a gray-goose quill;  
A pen I found it, used before, a pen I leave it still.

A cousin of Jeremy Bentham's had a notion, that whatever appeared in print was a lie. This was better, perhaps, than believing every published statement to be true. The philosopher, however, intent upon rooting this crotchet out of his relation's head, proceeded logically to work, and pressed him to say whether, in his opinion, if a fact had taken place, the putting it in print would cause it not to have taken place.

One of the *bon mots* which contributed to make Talleyrand so famous as a wit, was his definition of speech as a faculty given to man for the purpose of concealing his thoughts. The prince-bishop can well afford to give up the credit of having first made this sarcastic observation to an English clergyman. Young mentions some place,

Where nature's end of language is declined,  
And men talk only to conceal their mind.

For the sake of contrast, we may as well add Horne Tooke's proposition:—"The purpose of language is to communicate our thoughts."

In Pratt's edition of Bishop Hall's works, there is a glossary, comprehending upwards of 1100 articles, of obsolete or unusual words employed by him.

What a pretty tale was slaughtered when Mr. Greenville Piggot pointed out, in his *Manual of Scandinavian Mythology*, the blundering translation of the passage, in an old Scandinavian poem, relating to the occupation of the blest in the halls of Valhalla, the northern Paradise. "Soon shall we drink out of the curved horns of the head," are the words found in the death-song of Regner Lodbrog; meaning by this violent figure to say, that they would imbibe their liquor out of cups from the crooked horns of animals. The first translators, however, not seeing their way clearly, rendered the passage, "Soon shall we drink out of the skulls of our enemies;" and to this strange banqueting there are allusions without end to be met with in our literature. Peter Pindar, for example, once said that the booksellers, like the heroes of Valhalla, drank their wine out of the skulls of authors.

Hooker, the friend of Jewell and Cranmer, all of them

Unspotted names, and memorable long,  
If there be force in virtue,

made, like Socrates, an unfortunate choice of a wife. Sir Edwin Sandys, who



had been his pupil, going one day to visit Hooker at his parsonage in Buckinghamshire, found him tending a flock of sheep by the order of his wife. He had a Horace in his hand, and was probably endeavouring to console himself with that pleasant picture of a country life which the poet has drawn.

In a German literary history of great merit, there is gravely enumerated, amongst the works which throw light upon the traditional history of King Arthur, a 'Prospectus and Specimen of an intended National Work, by Robt and William Whistlercraft, proposed to comprise the most interesting particulars relating to King Arthur and his Round Table.' This of course was a burlesque.

The story of St. Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins is well known. She was a Cornish princess, and set sail with her maiden train for Armorica, the modern Brittany; but by an odd conspiracy of the elements, their fleet was driven up the Rhine as far as Cologne. A tribe of savage Huns massacred the fair multitude, and their bones are shown to this day—a ghastly sight—in that city where there is a church dedicated to their memory. It has been conjectured, and with great show of reason, that the writer who first transcribed the account mistook the name of the saint's attendant, Undecimilla, for the number *undecim millia* (11 000).

The Orlando Innamorato, a poem which preceded the more celebrated Orlando Furioso of Ariosto, was written by Count Boiardo of Scandiano, and was first published about 1495. The style is uncouth, abounding with rude Lombardisms; and consequently Berni, about half a century later, undertook the singular task of writing Boiardo's poem over again. He preserved the sense of almost every stanza, though every one was more or less altered, and he inserted a few introductory passages to each canto. The genius of Berni—playful, satirical, and flexible—was admirably fitted to perform this labour; the harsh dialect of the Lower Po was replaced by the racy idiom of Tuscany; and the Orlando Innamorato has descended to posterity as the work of two minds remarkably combined in this instance. The sole praise of invention, circumstance, description, and very frequently that of poetical figure and sentiment, belonging to Boiardo; that of style, in the limited use of the word, to Berni. Sir Walter Scott, at one period of his life, made it a practice to read through the two great poems, of which the Palsin Orlando is the hero, once every year.

The power of acquiring languages which some men possess is very extraordinary. There was an eastern monarch, named Mithridates, of whom the tradition is, that in an immense polyglot army, composed of a great variety of nations, he could talk to every soldier in his own language. The Chancellor d'Aguesseau of France made himself master of the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and English languages. So easily did he add a new language to his list, that he always spoke of its acquisition as an amusement. Niebuhr, the learned historian of Rome, and son of the celebrated traveller, was one of the greatest of modern linguists. He had actually mastered nineteen languages in addition to his own. In this showy accomplishment the Russians excel other nations. If you meet a Russ at a table d'hôte abroad, you are sure to find that he converses fluently with the miscellaneous persons about him in their own tongues. And this is the case for obvious reasons. The Slavonic languages have no literature of their own; the Russian, therefore, in order to receive any passable education at all, is made acquainted early in life with other European tongues.

### THE SMUGGLER'S DAUGHTER.

It was a Sunday in spring, one of those days that re-awaken life and gladness in the fields and woods, and call on the spirit of man to rejoice. The afternoon service had just concluded in the little church of Upton, and the villagers were pouring from the doors, exchanging friendly greetings, and moving homewards in cheerful family groups.

But there was one who had stolen from the church the moment the service was over, hurrying across the grave-yard and along the lane to a house at some little distance. It was a young girl, with a pale, anxious countenance, and a step trembling and unequal. There was a sadness in the expression of her blue eyes and small delicate mouth that ill befitted her age; and though a few of the year's first primroses were opening on the warm bank of the lane, yet even they could not tempt her to pause in her hurried walk. It was not poverty that oppressed her, for she was neatly and comfortably clad, and her home wore an aspect of order and respectability that bespoke its owners to be far removed from want.

The girl hastily unlocked the door, and exclaimed, as she entered the lonely room,—

"Thank God, they are not come yet!"

She placed chairs near the fire, heaped on fresh fuel, then passed through the house into the orchard. The blossoms were out on the apple-trees, a few daffodils gleamed among the grass, and daisies studded the mossy path-way. The young girl looked around her; all was calm, and glad, and beautiful. The church-tower, weather-stained and partially clothed with ivy, was seen rising above the venerable yew-trees that surrounded it; here and there was a glimpse of the village; far away was the river, winding through meadows, and sometimes hidden by the willows on its banks; and, over all, was the blue sky, without a cloud. Leaves and blossoms were bursting into life, bird and bee were already on the wing.

As the villagers moved homewards, the church-bells rang a cheerful peal, shaking the old tower, and disturbing the rooks that had made their homes about it, and were now sending their clamorous shouts far on the evening air.

While the girl watched their wheeling flight, she heard voices in the lane that skirted the orchard, and, a moment afterwards, her own name was called aloud.

"Annie Carr! Annie Carr!—are you there?"

She ran to the hedge and the same voice continued, in a kind and cheerful tone—

"Come and walk with us, my dear; it is a sweet, mild evening, and we are going as far as the water-fall by the mill. You can take tea with us afterwards, and we will bring you home at night."

"You are very kind, Mrs. Gardner," she replied; "I would gladly come, but it is really impossible. I expect my father every moment, and, I believe, my brother is coming also."

"But they will not want you, Annie," pleaded a second speaker. "Do come, only for half-an-hour. You look pale and sad, and this lovely evening must do you good."

"Thank you, Charles, I wish I could; but I dare not come."

"You dare not?" repeated the young man.

"I mean," said Annie, colouring,—"I mean I cannot leave home at the moment I expect my father. Hark! is not that his step?" and she listened

anxiously, yet not with such anxiety as a child should feel in awaiting the return of a parent. There was more in it of fear than of love; and Mrs. Gardner and her son, seeing that their presence only added to her uneasiness, bade her farewell, and passed on. Annie watched them as long as they were in sight, not moving from the spot where they had left her, till she heard other and gayer parties coming down the lane. Their merry laughter grated harshly upon her ear. She retreated hastily, and kneeling on the grass, leaned her head against the moss-grown stem of an old tree. The gay sunshine fell upon her, flowers were above and around her; but her fair young face was bathed in bitter tears, and her heart sank with a sense of its utter desolation.

"It is all beautiful," she murmured,—"beautiful and happy. I hear gay ones speaking to each other as they go to their homes. Mothers, children, sisters, friends, all meet at cheerful firesides to-night, and kind words will be said, and hearts that have been sorrowful eased of their pain. Those that are weary and travel-worn in the rough ways of life will gather comfort in the sweet sanctuary of home, and go forth again strengthened and refreshed. The very poorest have yet something to love—something to hope, but I, God help me!—what a home!"

Shuddering, she rose from her knees, and walked hastily up and down the orchard-path.

"Why is it thus!—what have I done that I should share in no joys like these?" she exclaimed at last. "Why was I not a senseless clod, if I was to live as I live now? Evil words are spoken in my ears—evil deeds done and not hidden from me; every womanly and holy feeling is trampled on and despised; every warm affection that would have clung to all that was good and pure turns to gall and bitterness, corroding my very heart. What have I done to deserve this?"

Again she threw herself on the ground, and lay there like a crushed flower, whose sweet life of joy sunshine cannot recall. At this moment two children passed down the lane, and, in the stillness, Annie heard the words they spoke.

"She said God had forsaken her," said one child, "and that there was no comfort for such as she was."

"And what did he tell her?" inquired the second child.

"He said he would not comfort her with his own words, so he took the Bible and read, 'Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth;' and then, 'Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.'"

The young voices died away in the distance, but their words were as a message from Heaven to Annie's desolate heart. She repeated again and again, "Blessed are they that mourn," not 'Blessed are the gay, and the loved, and the happy,' but 'Blessed are they that mourn.' There is hope, there is comfort for me!

From the happier train of thought into which she had fallen, she was roused by a loud voice,—

"Ann e! where are you? Never at your post, lazy one!"

Other and harsher words followed, but Annie bore them in silence. She flew to prepare the evening meal, and then stood ready to wait upon her father, once more repeating to herself those words that were for her so full of encouragement. Her greeting to her brother was answered, as usual, coarsely and unkindly; but his rudeness was far less disagreeable to her than the attempted civility of a third person, whom her father had brought as a guest. Annie had seen this man before, and her pure and sensitive nature had, from the first, instinctively shrunk from him. Now, however, emboldened, as it seemed, by Mr. Carr's encouragement, he ventured to address Annie in a tone of familiarity that shocked and disgusted her. He drew from his bosom a handsome gold chain of foreign workmanship, and endeavoured to clasp it round her neck, saying, as he did so,—

"There, my fair one! it is for such as you that these things are made. You'll wear it for my sake,—won't you, my dear?"

Annie pushed back the gift.

"N y, my sweet one," he continued, "it's not often that gold is flung back to the giver so scornfully. You may take it from me—from me, you know, my darling!"

A loud laugh from young Carr greeted this speech, and Annie turned trembling to her father, from whom she had a right to look for protection from insult. But he answered her humble appeal with a frown.

"Listen to me, girl," he said fiercely. "James Brice has, but a few days ago, saved your father's life, and I have sworn you shall be his wife. Let us have no more foolery of this sort,—do you hear? My words have seldom been wasted, and I recommend you to change your tone at once, unless—"

The rest of the sentence was indistinct, but Annie thought her mother's name was mentioned, accompanied with ominous threats. While her father spoke, the poor girl submitted in silence to have the chain clasped round her neck.

"There, that's well," he continued. "Don't fancy, because you were daintily brought up, that I'll allow any of your fine lady airs here. Come, boys, fill your glasses, and we'll drink to the health of the future Mrs. Brice!"

Annie grew very pale, and, for a moment, her senses reeled; but she recovered herself sufficiently to feel how important it was to her to preserve her self-possession. Her father called for more to drink, and she placed the usual supply of spirits on the table, and then glided from the room. Hurrying to her own little chamber, she cast from her the hateful chain, and tried to collect her thoughts. It was not long before the increasing loudness of the voices below attracted her attention, and, to her horror, she heard a plan arranged for the marriage on the following day.

"We'll bring her down," said the father, "and tell her how nicely we've settled it all. Annie, my girl, come here."

Finding the terrified girl made no answer, he began climbing the staircase in search of her; but Annie's resolution was soon taken. She threw open the casement and leapt into the orchard, alighting in safety on a grassy mound. When Carr, having in his impatience burst open the door, entered the room, Annie was already beyond his reach.

That night Charles Gardner and his mother sat late, talking of their young neighbour; and Mrs. Gardner won from her son a confession that he loved the poor desolate Annie Carr. They were still in earnest conversation, when they were startled by a low knock at the house door. Charles rose to see who was the visitor at so unusual an hour, and, to his amazement, beheld Annie Carr herself. A shawl, as if thrown on in haste, was wrapped carelessly about her, her head was uncovered, and her hair, heavy with dew, hung round her pale face. Her teeth chattered, and her hands were cold as ice, and there was a wildness in her eyes and in her manner that filled her lover with alarm.

"What ails you, Annie—dearest Annie!" he said, leading her to his mother, who placed her beside the fire, and chafed her cold hands. "What has happened to bring you from your home at this hour?"

Annie's eyes wandered from Charles to Mrs. Gardner.

"Yes, yes," she exclaimed, "it is a happy home!—kind faces—kind words!—it is like heaven!"

"Annie," said Mrs. Gardner, "you are here with those who love you. Tell me, dear child, what has driven you from your father's roof to-night?"

"Ah! I remember now," answered the poor girl, shuddering, "though I stopped my ears, yet I heard it all. They called me to go down—they said that to-morrow I should be his wife! Save me!—save me!" and gliding from her seat, she sank on her knees before Mrs. Gardner. "Let me stay here!—it is like heaven to be here!—do not send me home again!"

Much affected, Mrs. Gardner raised her, and endeavoured to soothe her alarm; then taking her to another room, she laid her in her own bed, and watched beside her till Annie's exhausted frame found rest in sleep. When she returned to her son, she found him in anxious thought as to their future proceedings. He had met Carr and his son on their way home with Brice, and doubted not that the stranger was the man selected to be Annie's husband. There was no time to be lost, and many were the plans of conduct proposed, but there existed the same difficulty with respect to them all.

"He is her father, after all," said Charles; "he will claim her, and what can we do?"

After a long silence, Mrs. Gardner said,—

"Charles, I think a word of mine could prevent Mr. Carr's claiming Annie. nay, I believe I could send him from among us for ever."

Charles started with surprise, and his mother continued, with much agitation,—

"I have for many years hidden a secret which I thought never to disclose; but it is time you should know it, and, perhaps, you will blame me for concealing it so long. I must go back to the time when the Carrs came to live in this village. At first they inhabited the small house next to us, and we could not but see them often. I was already a widow, and you were at school, but you may remember how young Carr used to come here sometimes to play with you in your holidays. Mrs. Carr was a woman of high family, who had run away, as I have heard, from a miserable home, with this man. He was then mate of a trading vessel, and often carried goods, smuggled they say, to her father's house. Poor thing! she paid dearly for her folly. Many a hard word, ay, and many a hard blow, have I seen and heard that high-born woman bear from her brutal husband. It was little enough I could do for her, poor soul! but many a time, when he was out of the way, I have stolen into the cottage to say a kind word to her in her trouble. Annie was a baby then, and it was a sad sight to see her lie laughing on her mother's lap, little heeding the bitter tears that mother shed as she looked upon her.

"The poor creature never complained, but there was a heart-broken look in her face that no one could mistake. At last, on one summer's evening, I heard Carr's voice louder and more angry than I had ever heard it before. I was alone, and as his wicked words fell on my ear, I grew sorely frightened. Presently there came a sound of heavy blows, and I started up and ran I knew not where, but, in a few moments, I found myself in my neighbour's garden, and, through the open window of the cottage, I saw that unhappy woman on her knees before him, her murderer. Charles, I saw the blow struck—I saw her fall on her face—he had killed her. I heard him say so, and I felt myself senseless on the ground. When I recovered my consciousness, I was still there. One by one all the horrors of the scene I had witnessed came back to my recollection, and I got up and listened, but all was still. I looked in at the window, and saw something laid on a bed in the corner of the room. I grew faint once more, for I guessed what it was; but, summoning all my courage, I went to the door. I found it locked, but I made my way in the house by a large window at the back. In a few moments I stood beside the dead; I saw the mark of the blow that had killed her. It was a fearful sight, yet I had some comfort in thinking she was gone from her brutal tyrant for ever. I looked for the baby, but it was not in the house, and the boy had been already placed at some distant school. As I was about to leave the house, some strange feeling led me again to look on the dead woman. Again I uncovered the face;—how ghastly were those blood-stained features in the dim twilight! While I looked upon them, fixed to the spot by horror that increased every moment, I heard a step approaching, and though I knew it must be Carr returning, yet I could not move. He turned the key, he entered the house, and I felt that in another minute he would come into the room where I was; yet I stood still, without the power to stir. He came; the murderer and I stood face to face beside that corpse."

Mrs. Gardner paused and covered her eyes, as if to shut out some horrible sight, then, in a hurried tone, she added,—

"Charles, I cannot—I dare not remember all that passed afterwards. There were threats and curses; I know I was made to swear a dreadful oath that I would hide the truth. God forgive me if I do wrong in breaking that vow!"

The young man pressed his mother's hand kindly; he dared not trust himself to speak.

"The poor woman was buried," resumed Mrs. Gardner, "without inquiry, for every body had seen her look like a dying woman for a long time. Carr carried the baby to an excellent person, who had been a sort of governess to her mother. Some lingering feeling of humanity, I suppose, led him to wish the child should be religiously educated."

"And for what a fate he reserved her!" exclaimed Charles. "But we shall save her now, my dear mother."

"I hope so, Charles; only beware of Carr, for he is a fearful man. Many a time has he reminded me of my oath."

"Do not think of that now, mother," interrupted Charles; "you look worn and exhausted. Leave me to determine on our line of conduct, and try to take some repose while poor Annie is asleep."

Mrs. Gardner consented to leave him, and he remained alone to meditate on the strange things he had heard. He knew little of the laws, and had had small experience of the turmoils of life. A native of a quiet country village, dwelling on the farm which had descended to him from a long line of honest fore-fathers, and from the culture of whose few acres he and his mother derived a comfortable subsistence, he had had few opportunities for the exercise or the display of discretion and firmness. Yet he was by no means deficient in either of these qualities, and now, while his heart bled for the innocent yet unhappy object of his affection, his prudent mind carefully weighed every plan that suggested itself for the promotion of her permanent good. It was no time to argue with his mother as to the propriety of her conduct in concealing so long her knowledge of Carr's guilt. The great object was to make use of this knowledge now in the manner most beneficial to Annie. For her sake, he was even willing that Carr should escape the penalties of the law, so long as he disturbed her no more.

Soon after day-dawn, Charles crept softly from his home, and walked hastily to the cottage in which the deed of blood had been committed. This was

now in possession of a young married pair, cousins of the Gardners, and, early as it was, the young man was already at work in his garden; but he paused to inquire the reason of Charles's visit and of his anxious looks.

"I can hardly tell you now," said Charles, in reply to the latter question; "but as to what I want here, I am come to ask if you and your wife will give us your assistance for a few hours to-day."

"To be sure we will," was the ready answer; "but what is it we are to do?"

"I wish you," said Charles, "to drive my mother to Mr. Morel's the magistrate, for I cannot leave home myself; and I hope, William, you will be content for the present to ask her no questions about the reason of her going. There is a poor sick girl at our house, not fit to be left to the rough care of our worthy maid-servant, so I thought I would ask Ellen to take charge of her while my mother is absent."

William looked considerably puzzled, but he asked no more questions, and, having called his good-natured wife, the whole party proceeded immediately to Mrs. Gardner's. Before the villagers were abroad, Mrs. Gardner was a ready far on her way to the magistrate, to make a deposition of the circumstances so long hidden. Her young kinswoman took her place besides the half unconscious Annie, and Charles remained on the watch, expecting Carr to come and claim his daughter. About noon he saw him, in a state of partial intoxication reeling along the highroad towards the house. He went forward to meet him and was assailed with the coarsest abuse. At no other time could his high spirit have brooked that ruffianly and insulting language, but the remembrance of the helpless Annie calmed his irritation. In reply to Carr's repeated demands concerning his daughter, Charles said, quietly,—

"Yes, she is here; she took refuge with my mother last night. You best know why she left your roof."

"Villain!" cried Carr, "dare you tell me to my face that you have harboured my disobedient child? I will bring a mob round your house! I know your mother of old—I know you, root and branch! Villain!—base, cowardly villain! give me my child!" He attempted to push the young man from his path, but Charles stood firm.

"Stay, Mr. Carr," he said, "I have a word to say to you touching yourself—nay, you will do well to listen, for it concerns you deeply—it is a matter of life and death. You see that road? Before another hour has passed, a force will come along that road to arrest you."

"Me!—me!—now!—on what plea? It is false—it is but a trick to get me away," said the ruffian, attempting to laugh.

"I will speak still more plainly," resumed Charles, as he pointed towards the cottage; "in that house there was a deed done—ha! you wince at that! The innocent blood has cried to heaven for vengeance at last, and the avengers are on their way. You know dark and evil man, that there was one whose eyes saw the murder done; she has betrayed your secret, and, ere this, many ears have heard the tale. There may yet be time for you to escape, and, for the sake of your innocent child, I have warned you. Go!—she is safe, but you must see her no more. Look! and he pointed again to the distant road; there was a crowd winding round the hill towards the village. Carr glanced towards them, and then, with bitter curses on his lip, he turned away and fled. In half an hour his house was searched, but he was gone, and every attempt to track his flight failed. Enough was found among his papers to prove that he had continued to carry on the trade of a smuggler; and it seemed probable that his flight had been towards the coast, whence he might escape in the schooner to which many of his letters referred. But there was no allusion anywhere to the present situation of the vessel, so the search proved altogether fruitless. Brice and young Carr had also disappeared, and as both were deeply implicated in the smuggling transactions now brought to light, there was little fear of their ever making their appearance again in that part of the world.

It was strange that Carr should have retained a home in that inland hamlet. Perhaps he feared the betrayal of his secret, should he for ever absent himself from the neighbourhood, for he was aware of the terror with which he had inspired the timid Mrs. Gardner, and he took pains to renew that feeling at every convenient opportunity. It was a quiet, lonely place, too, and there were few to trouble themselves about his affairs. He came and went unquestioned, and even unnoticed; and Annie, whom he had taken to dwell with him six months before, on the death of the excellent woman who had educated her, was safe from molestation in his absence.

His property was seized, and sold to pay various out standing debts, and Annie was left totally dependent on the kind friends who had taken her to their hearts and their home in her hour of distress. The poor girl had been soothed into composure the second day of her stay at the farm, when a gossiping neighbour dropped before her some hint of her father's guilt. She immediately insisted on knowing the whole truth, and the consequence was, that, ere the third day had closed, she was stricken with brain-fever. For some time she was in the utmost danger; her delirium was violent, and even Charles began to despair of her life. But at last there came a blessed change; after a long, sweet sleep, Annie awoke, and recognised the kind faces that bent over her. Slowly her strength returned, till she was well enough to leave her room, and even, with Charles's help, to get into the garden, and sit for hours under the blossoming lime-boughs, watching, day by day, the opening of the flowers in the well stocked borders, and listening with quiet enjoyment to the summer sounds that filled the warm air.

"It is too much," she said one day, when the sense of her friends' kindness was even more than usually present to her humble and grateful heart; "how should I bear to live without you and your kind mother, Charles?" and the tears rolled fast from her eyes.

"Live without us, Annie, dear, sweet Annie!" exclaimed Charles; "What do you mean!—where do you wish to go!—what friends have you?"

"What friends, Charles? None—none but! There is a stain upon my name, and I must learn to bear scornful looks and words."

"Never, Annie!—never!" cried Charles, eagerly. "Do you not know, do you not feel, that you and I can never, in this life, part again? Does not your own heart tell you that you are mine—my own beloved—my own wife! Speak, Annie, do you love me?"

Faster and faster fell Annie's tears, as Charles drew her to his bosom; but they were tears of joy.

"Yours!" she murmured; "and you do not despise me, humbled as I am? And I shall stay here with you always! And you love me!—say again that you love me!"

And Charles said it again and again; and when his mother came to tell them it was late, and Annie must not breathe the night air, she saw the young girl's happy, blushing face, and she blessed her and called her her daughter. In the genial atmosphere of that happy home, Annie's affectionate spirit expanded like



a beautiful flower; and now that the future lay before her, a land of hope and promise, she gained a degree of cheerfulness such as had hitherto been unknown to her.

One morning, just as the preparations for the wedding were coming to a conclusion, a letter arrived addressed to Annie, but in so rude and extraordinary a handwriting, that Charles, thinking it probably had reference to Carr or his son, thought himself justified in opening it. With much difficulty he deciphered its contents, and found that it came from some person living on the sea-coast about sixty miles off, and was intended to convey to Annie some information respecting her relations. It spoke of a shipwreck, and of two men washed on shore, one of whom was Carr; but from the ill-written, unconnected scrawl Charles could gather no particulars, and he determined to go himself and ascertain the real state of the case. He told his mother that business called him from home for days, and attempting to cheer Annie, who looked alarmed at the announcement, he took his departure immediately. On arriving at his destination, a wretched fishing village, consisting of a few low huts clustered on the edge of a little cove, he easily discovered the writer of the letter, and ascertained from him that a schooner, driven against the sunken rocks at the entrance of the cove, had foundered and sunk but three nights previously, and all the crew had perished with exception of one man, who was washed on still alive and who had recovered sufficiently to tell his name and give some account of the wreck. This man had identified a body, found many hours later, as that of his own son, and had directed the owner of the hut to which he had been carried, to write to Annie Carr as soon as all should be over with himself, and to tell her both her father and brother were dead.

"Would you wish to see the bodies, sir?" asked Charles's informant, as he concluded his story. Charles nodded assent, and the man led the way to his miserable hovel, where stretched on the floor of the dimly lighted room, lay the two dead men. Charles saw that they were indeed those whom he sought, and turned shuddering away. He stayed till the next day to see them decently interred, and having bestowed a liberal gratuity on the fisherman, he hurried back to a different scene. Within one little week Annie Carr stood beside him at the altar. She afterwards won from him the particulars of his journey and its object, but though greatly shocked at first, yet his unwearied devotion soon led her mind back, to happy thoughts.

Many years have fled since Charles Gardner claimed his bride. Gay children throng his home, his mother is gliding gently into an honoured old age, and Annie, sweet Annie, is still the bright and loving spirit of that happy home. Husband, mother, children, all "rise up and call her blessed."

### MARLBOROUGH.—NO. I.

From Blackwood's Magazine.—[Continued].

The influence of these causes had distinctly appeared in the extraordinary good fortune which had attended the enterprises of Louis, and the numerous conquests he had made since he had launched into the career of foreign aggrandizement. Nothing could resist his victorious arms. At the head of an army of an hundred thousand men, directed by Turenne, he speedily overran Flanders. Its fortified cities yielded to the science of Vauban, or the terrors of his name. The boasted barrier of the Netherlands was passed in a few weeks; hardly any of its far famed fortresses made any resistance. The passage of the Rhine was achieved under the eyes of the monarch with little loss, and melodramatic effect. One half of Holland was soon overrun, and the presence of the French army at the gates of Amsterdam seemed to preface immediate destruction to the United Provinces; and but for the firmness of their leaders, and a fortunate combination of circumstances, unquestionably would have done so. The alliance with England, in the early part of his reign, and the junction of the fleets of Britain and France to ruin their fleets and blockade their harbours, seemed to deprive them of their last resource, derived from energetic industry. Nor were substantial fruits wanting from these conquests. Alsace and Franche Comte were overrun, and, with Lorraine, permanently annexed to the French monarchy; and although, by the peace of Nimeguen, part of his acquisitions in Flanders was abandoned, enough was retained by the devouring monarchy to deprive the Dutch of the barrier they had so ardently desired, and render their situation to the last degree precarious, in the neighbourhood of so formidable a power. The heroic William, indeed, had not struggled in vain for the independence of his country. The distant powers of Europe, at length awakened to a sense of their danger, had made strenuous efforts to coerce the ambition of France; the revolution of 1688 had restored England to its natural place in the van of the contest for continental freedom; and the peace of Ryswick in 1697 had in some degree seen the trophies of conquest more equally balanced between the contending parties. But still it was with difficulty that the alliance kept its ground against Louis—any untoward event, the defection of any considerable power, would at once, it was felt, cast the balance in his favour; and all history had demonstrated how many are the chances against any considerable confederacy keeping for any length of time together, when the immediate danger which had stilled their jealousies, and bound together their separate interests, is in appearance removed. Such was the dubious and anxious state of Europe, when the death of Charles II. at Madrid, on the 1st November 1700, and the bequest of his vast territories to Philip Duke of Anjou, second son of the Dauphin, and grandson of Louis XIV., threatened at once to place the immense resources of the Castilian monarchy at the disposal of the ambitious monarch of France, whose passion for glory had not diminished with his advanced years, and whose want of moderation was soon evinced by his accepting, after an affected hesitation, the splendid bequest.

Threatened with so serious a danger, it is not surprising that the powers of Europe were in the utmost alarm, and ere long took steps to endeavour to avert it. Such, however, was the terror inspired by the name of Louis XIV., and the magnitude of the addition made by this bequest to his power, that the new monarch, in the first instance, ascended the throne of Spain and the Indies without any opposition. The Spanish Netherlands, so important both from their intrinsic riches, their situation as the certain theatre of war, and the numerous fortified towns with which they were studded, had been early secured for the young Bourbon prince by the Elector of Bavaria, who was at that time the governor of those valuable possessions. Sardinia, Naples, Sicily, the Milanese, and the other Spanish possessions in Italy, speedily followed the example. The distant colonies of the crown of Castile, in America and the Indies, sent in their adhesion. The young Prince of Anjou made his formal entry into Spain in the beginning of 1701, and was crowned at Madrid under the title of Philip V. The principal continental powers, with the exception of the Emperor, acknowledged his title to the throne. The Dutch were in despair: they beheld the power of Louis XIV. brought to their very gates. Flanders, instead of being the barrier of Europe against France, had become the

outwork of France against Europe. The flag of Louis XIV. floated on Antwerp, Brussels, and Ghent. Italy, France, Spain, and Flanders, were united in one close league, and in fact formed but one dominion. It was the empire of Charlemagne over again, directed with equal ability founded on greater power, and backed by the boundless treasures of the Indies. Spain had threatened the liberties of Europe in the end of the sixteenth century: France had all but proved fatal to them in the close of the seventeenth. What hope was there of being able to make head against them both, united under such a head as Louis XIV.?

Great as these dangers were, however, they had no effect in daunting the heroic spirit of William III. In concert with the Emperor, and the United Provinces, who were too nearly threatened to be backward in falling into his views, he laboured for the formation of a great confederacy, which might prevent the union of the crowns of France and Castile in one family, and prevent, before it was too late, the consolidation of a power which threatened to be so formidable to the liberties of Europe. The death of that intrepid monarch in March 1702, which, had it taken place earlier, might have prevented the formation of the confederacy, as it was, proved no impediment, but rather the reverse. His measures had been so well taken, his resolute spirit had laboured with such effect, that the alliance, offensive and defensive, between the Emperor, England, and Holland, had been already signed. The accession of the Princess Anne, without weakening its bonds, added another power, of no mean importance, to its ranks. Her husband, Prince George of Denmark, brought the forces of that kingdom to aid the common cause. Prussia soon after followed the example. On the other hand, Bavaria, closely connected with the French and Spanish monarchies, both by jealousy of Austria, and the government of the Netherlands, which its Elector held, adhered to France. Thus the forces of Europe were mutually arrayed and divided, much as they afterwards were in the coalition against Napoleon in 1813. It might already be foreseen, that Flanders, the Bavarian plains, Spain, and Lombardy, would, as in the great contest which followed a century after be the theatre of war. But the forces of France and Spain possessed this advantage, unknown in former wars, but immense in a military point of view, that they were in possession of the whole of the Netherlands, the numerous fortresses of which were alike valuable as a basis of offensive operations, and as affording asylums all but impregnable in cases of disaster. The allied generals, whether they commenced their operations in Flanders or on the side of Germany, had to begin on the Rhine, and cut their way through the long barrier of fortresses with which the genius of Vauban and Cohorn had encircled the frontiers of the monarchy.

War having been resolved on, the first step was taken by the Emperor, who laid claim to Milan as a fief of the empire, and supported his pretensions by moving an army into Italy under the command of Prince Eugene of Savoy, who afterwards became so celebrated as the brother and worthy rival of Marlborough in arms. The French and Spaniards assembled an army in the Milanese to resist his advance; and the Duke of Mantua having joined the cause, that important city was garrisoned by the French troops. But Prince Eugene was long obliged them to fall back from the banks of the Adige to the line of the Oglio, on which they made a stand. But though hostilities had thus commenced in Italy, negotiations were still carried on at the Hague; though unhappily the pretensions of the French king were found to be so exorbitant a character, that an accommodation was impossible. Marlborough's first mission to the Continent, however, after the accession of Anne, was of a diplomatic character; and it was by his unwearied efforts, suavity of manner, and singular talents for negotiation, that the difficulties which attend the formation of all such extensive confederacies were overcome. And it was not till war was declared, on 4th May 1702, that he first took the command as commander in chief of the Allied armies.

The first operation of the Allies was an attack on the small fort of Kaisersworth, on the right bank of the Rhine, which belonged to the Elector of Cologne, which surrendered on the 15th May. The main French army, nominally under the direction of the Duke of Burgundy, really of Marshal Boufflers, entered the Duchy of Cleves in the end of the same month, and soon became engaged with the Allied forces, which at first, being inferior in numbers, fell back. Marlborough reached head quarters when the French lay before Nimeguen; and the Dutch trembled for that frontier town. Reinforcements, however, rapidly came in from all quarters to join the Allied army; and Marlborough, finding himself at the head of a gallant force sixty thousand strong, resolved to commence offensive operations. His first operation was the siege of Venloo, which was carried by storm on the 18th September, after various actions in the course of the siege. "My Lord Cutts," says Marlborough, "commanded at one of the breaches; and the English grenadiers had the honour of being the first that entered the fort." Ruremonde was next besieged; and the Allies steadily advancing, opened the navigation of the Meuse as far as Maestricht. Stevenswart was taken on the 1st October; and, on the 6th Ruremonde surrendered. Liege was the next object of attack; and the breaches of the citadel were, by the skilful operations of Cohorn, who commanded the Allied engineers and artillery, declared practicable on the 23d of the same month. The assault was immediately ordered; and "by the extraordinary bravery," says Marlborough, "of the officers and soldiers, the citadel was carried by storm; and, for the honour of her Majesty's subjects, the English were the first that got upon the breach." So early in this, as in every other war where ignorance and infatuation has not led them into the field, did the native-born valour of the Anglo Saxon race make itself known! Seven battalions and a half were made prisoners on this occasion; and so disheartened was the enemy by the fall of the citadel, that the castle of the Chartreuse, with its garrison of 1580 men, capitulated a few days afterwards. This last success gave the Allies the entire command of Liege, and concluded this short but glorious campaign, in the course of which they had made themselves masters by main force, in presence of the French army, of four fortified towns, conquered all Spanish Guelderland, opened the Meuse as far as Maestricht, carried the strong castles of Liege by storm, advanced their standards from the Rhine far into Flanders, and became enabled to take up their winter quarters in the enemy's territory, amidst its fertile fields.

The campaign being now concluded, and both parties having gone into winter quarters, Marlborough embarked on the Meuse to return to London, where his presence was much required to steady the authority and direct the cabinet of the Queen, who had so recently taken her seat on the throne. When dropping down the Meuse, in company of the Dutch commissioners, he was made prisoner by a French partisan, who had made an incursion into those parts, and owed his escape to the presence of mind of a servant named Gul, who, unperceived, put into his master's hands an old passport in the name of General Churchill. The Frenchman, intent only on plunder, seized all the plate and valuables in the boat, and made prisoners the small detachment of soldiers who accompanied them; but, ignorant of the inestimable prize within his

grasp, allowed the remainder of the party, including Marlborough, to proceed on their way. On this occasion, it may truly be said, the boat carried Caesar and his fortunes. He arrived in safety at the Hague, where the people, who regarded him as their guardian angel, and had heard of his narrow escape, received him with the most enthusiastic acclamations. From thence, having concerted the plan with the Dutch government for the ensuing campaign, he crossed over to London, where his reception by the Queen and nation was of the most gratifying description. Her Majesty conferred on him the title of Duke of Marlborough and Marquis of Blandford, and sent a message to the House of Commons, suggesting a pension to him of £5000 a year, secured on the revenue of the post-office; but that House refused to consent to the alienation of so considerable a part of the public revenue. He was amply compensated, however, for this disappointment, by the enthusiastic reception he met with from all classes of the nation, which, long unaccustomed to military success, at least in any cause in which it could sympathise, hailed with transports of joy this first revival of triumph in support of the protestant faith, and over that power with whom, for centuries, they had maintained so constant a rivalry.

The campaign of 1703 was not fruitful of great events. Taught, by the untoward issue of the preceding one, the quality of the general and army with whom he had to contend, the French general cautiously remained on the defensive; and so skilfully were the measures of Marshal Boufflers taken, that all the efforts of Marlborough were unable to force him to a general action. The war in Flanders was thus limited to one of posts and sieges; but in that the superiority of the Allied arms was successfully asserted, Parliament having been prevailed on to consent to an augmentation of the British contingent. But a treaty having been concluded with Sweden, and various reinforcements having been received from the lesser powers, preparations were made for the siege of Bonn, on the Rhine, a frontier town of Flanders, of great importance from its commanding the passage of that artery of Germany, and stopping while in the enemy's hands, all transit of military stores or provisions for the use of the armies in Bavaria, or on the Upper Rhine. The batteries opened with seventy heavy guns and English mortars on the 14th May 1703; a vigorous sortie with a thousand foot was repulsed, after having at first gained some success, on the following day, and on the 16th two breaches having been declared practicable, the garrison surrendered at discretion. After this success, the army moved against Huys, and it was taken with its garrison of 900 men on the 23d August. Marlborough and the English generals, after this success, were decidedly of opinion that it would be advisable at all hazard to attempt forcing the French lines, which were strongly fortified between Mehaigne and Leuwe, and a strong opinion to that effect was transmitted to the Hague on the very day after the fall of Huys. They alleged with reason, that the Allies being superior in Flanders, and the French having the upper hand in Germany and Italy, it was of the utmost importance to follow up the present tide of success in the only quarter where it flowed in their favour, and counterbalance disasters elsewhere, by decisive events in the quarter where it was most material to obtain it. The Dutch government, however set on getting a barrier for themselves, could not be brought to agree to this course, how great soever the advantages which it promised, and insisted instead, that he should undertake the siege of Limbourg, which lay open to attack. This was accordingly done; the trenches were commenced in the middle of September, and the garrison capitulated on the 27th of the same month: a poor compensation for the total defeat of the French army, which would in all probability have ensued if the bolder plan of operation he had so earnestly counselled had been adopted. This terminated the campaign of 1703, which, though successful, had led to very different results from what might have been anticipated if Marlborough's advice had been followed, and an earlier victory of Ramillies laid open the whole Flemish plains. Having dispatched eight battalions to reinforce the Prince of Hesse, who had sustained serious disaster on the Moselle, he had an interview with the Archduke Charles, whom the Allies had acknowledged as King of Spain, who presented him with a magnificent sword set with diamonds, and set out for the Hague, from whence he again returned to London to concert measures for the ensuing campaign, and stimulate the British government to the efforts necessary for its successful prosecution.

But while success had thus attended all the operations of the Allies in Flanders, where the English contingent acted, and Marlborough had the command, affairs had assumed a very different aspect in Germany and Italy. The French were there superior alike in the number and quality of their troops, and, in Germany at least, in the skill with which they were commanded. Early in June, Marshal Tallard assumed the command of the French forces in Alsace, passed the Rhine at Strasburg on the 16th July, took Brissac on the 7th September, and invested Landau on the 16th October. The Allies, under the Prince of Hesse, attempted to raise the siege, but were defeated with considerable loss; and soon after, Landau surrendered, thus terminating with disaster the campaign on the Upper Rhine. Still more considerable were the disasters sustained in Bavaria. Marshal Villars there commanded, at the head of the French and Bavarians, defeated General Stirum, who headed the Imperialists, on the 20th September. In December, Marshal Marsin, who had succeeded Villars in the command, made himself master of the important city of Augsburg, and in January 1704 the Bavarians got possession of Passau. Meanwhile, a formidable insurrection had broken out in Hungary, which so distracted the cabinet of Vienna, that that capital itself seemed to be threatened by the combined forces of the French and Bavarians after the fall of Passau.—No event of importance took place in Italy during the campaign; Count Strahrenberg, who commanded the Imperial forces, having with great ability forced the Duke de Vendome, who was at the head of a superior body of French troops, to retire. But in Bavaria and on the Danube, it was evident that the Allies were overmatched; and to the restoration of the balance in that quarter, the anxious attention of the confederates was turned during the winter of 1703-4. The dangerous state of the Emperor and the empire awakened the greatest solicitude at the Hague, as well as unbounded terror at Vienna, from whence the most urgent representations were made on the necessity of reinforcements being sent from Marlborough to their support. But though this was agreed to by England and Holland, so straitened were the Dutch finances, that they were wholly unable to form the necessary magazines to enable the Allies to commence operations. Marlborough, during the whole of January and February 1704, was indefatigable in his efforts to overcome these difficulties; and the preparations having at length been completed, it was agreed by the States, according to a plan of the campaign laid down by Marlborough, that he himself should proceed into Bavaria with the great body of the Allied army in Flanders, leaving only an army of observation there, to restrain any incursion which the French troops might attempt during his absence.

Marlborough began his march with the great body of his forces on the 8th May, and crossing the Meuse at Maastricht, proceeded with the utmost expe-

dition towards the Rhine by Bedbourg and Kirpen, and arrived at Bonn on the 22d May. Meanwhile, the French were also powerfully reinforcing their army on the Danube. Early in the same month 26,000 men joined the Elector of Bavaria, while Villeroi with the army of Flanders was hastening in the same direction. Marlborough having obtained intelligence of these great additions to the enemy's forces in the vital quarter, wrote to the States General, that unless they promptly sent him succour, the Emperor would be entirely routed. Meanwhile, however, relying chiefly on himself he redoubled his activity and diligence. Continuing his march up the Rhine by Coblenz and Cassel, opposite Mayence, he crossed the Neckar near Ladenbourg on 3d June. From thence he pursued his march without intermission by Mundelsheim, where he had, on the 10th June, his first interview with Prince Eugene, who had been called from Italy to co-operate in stemming the torrent of disaster in Germany. From thence he advanced by Great Heppach to Langenau, and first came in contact with the enemy on the 2d July, on the Schollenberg, near Donawert. Marlborough, at the head of the advanced guard of nine thousand men, there attacked the French and Bavarians, 12,000 strong, in their entrenched camp, which was extremely strong, and after a desperate resistance, aided by an opportune attack by the Prince of Baden, who commanded the Emperor's forces, carried the entrenchments, with the whole artillery which they mounted, and the loss of 7000 men and thirteen standards to the vanquished. He was inclined to venture upon the hazardous attempt by having received intelligence on the same day from Prince Eugene, that Marshals Villeroi and Tallard, at the head of fifty battalions, and sixty squadrons of their best troops, had arrived at Strasburg, and were using the utmost diligence to reach the Bavarian forces through the defiles of the Black Forest.

This brilliant opening of the German Campaign was soon followed by substantial results. A few days after Rain surrendered, Aicha was carried by assault; and, following up his career of success, Marlborough advanced to within a league of Augsburg, under the cannon of which the Elector of Bavaria was placed with the remnant of his forces, in a situation too strong to admit of its being forced. He here made several attempts to detach the Elector, who was now reduced to the greatest straits, from the French alliance; but that prince, relying on the great army, forty five thousand strong, which Marshal Tallard was bringing up to his support from the Rhine, adhered with honourable fidelity to his engagements. Upon this, Marlborough took post near Friburg, in such a position as to cut him off from all communication with his dominions; and ravaged the country with his light troops, levying contributions wherever they went, and burning the villages with savage ferocity as far as the gates of Munich. Thus was avenged the barbarous desolation of the Palatinate, thirty years before, by the French army under the orders of Marshal Turenne.—Overcome by the cries of his suffering subjects, the Elector at length consented to enter into a negotiation, which made some progress; but the rapid approach of Marshal Tallard with the French army through the Black Forest, caused him to break it off, and hazard all on the fortune of war. Unable to induce the Elector, by the barbarities unhappily, at that time, too frequent on all sides in war, either to quit his entrenched camp under the cannon of Augsburg, or abandon the French alliance, the English general undertook the siege of Ingolstadt; he himself with the main body of the army covering the siege, and Prince Louis of Baden conducting the operations in the trenches. Upon this, the Elector of Bavaria broke up from his strong position, and, abandoning with heroic resolution his own country, marched to Hiberbach, where he effected his junction with Marshal Tallard, who now threatened Prince Eugene with an immediate attack. No sooner had he received intelligence of this, than Marlborough, on the 10th of August, sent the Duke of Wirtemberg with twenty seven squadrons of horse to reinforce the prince; and early next morning detached General Churchill with twenty battalions across the Danube, to be in a situation to support him in case of need. He himself immediately after followed, and joined the Prince with his whole army on the 11th. Every thing now presaged decisive events. The Elector had boldly quitted Bavaria, leaving his whole dominions at the mercy of the enemy, except the fortified cities of Munich and Augsburg, and periled his crown upon the issue of war at the French headquarters; while Marlborough and Eugene had united their forces, with a determination to give battle in the heart of Germany, in the enemy's territory, with their communications exposed to the utmost hazard, under circumstances where defeat could be attended with nothing short of total ruin.

The French and Bavarian army consisted of fifty-five thousand men, of whom nearly forty five thousand were French troops, the very best which the monarchy could produce. Marlborough and Eugene had sixty-six battalions and one hundred and sixty squadrons, which, with the artillery, might be about fifty thousand combatants. The forces on the opposite sides were thus nearly equal in point of numerical amount; but there was a wide difference in their composition. Four-fifths of the French army were national troops, speaking the same language, animated by the same feelings, accustomed to the same discipline, and the most of whom had been accustomed to act together. The Allies, on the other hand, were a motley assemblage, like Hannibal's at Cannae, or Wellington's at Waterloo, composed of the troops of many different nations, speaking different languages, trained to different discipline, but recently assembled together, and under the orders of a stranger general, one of those haughty islanders, little in general inured to war, but whose cold or supercilious manners had so often caused jealousies to arise in the best cemented confederacies English, Prussians, Danes, Wirtembergers, Dutch, Hanoverians, and Hessians, were blended in such nearly equal proportions, that the arms of no one state could be said by its numerical preponderance to be entitled to the precedence. But the consummate address, splendid talents, and conciliatory manners of Marlborough, as well as the brilliant valour which the English auxiliary force had displayed on many occasions, had won for them the lead, as they had formerly done when in no greater force among the confederates under Richard Cœur-de-Lion in the Holy War. It was universally felt that upon them, as the Tenth Legion of Cæsar, or the Old Guard of Napoleon, the weight of the contest at the decisive moment would fall. The army was divided into two *corps d'armes*; the first commanded by the duke in person, being by far the strongest, destined to bear the weight of the contest, and carry in front the enemy's position. These two corps, though co-operating, were at such a distance from each other, that they were much in the situation of the English and Prussians at Waterloo, or Napoleon and Ney's corps at Bautzen. The second, under Prince Eugene, which consisted chiefly of cavalry, was much weaker in point of numerical amount, and was intended for a subordinate attack, to distract the enemy's attention from the principal onset in front under Marlborough. With ordinary officers, or even eminent generals of a second order, a dangerous rivalry for the supreme command would unquestionably have arisen, and added to the many seeds of division and causes of weakness which already existed in so multifarious an array. But these great men were superior to all such petty jealousies,



Each, conscious of powers to do great things, and proud of fame already acquired, was willing to yield what was necessary for the common good to the other. They had no rivalry, save a noble emulation who should do most for the common cause in which they were jointly engaged. From the moment of their junction it was agreed that they should take the command of the whole army day about; and so perfectly did their views on all points coincide, and so entirely did their noble hearts beat in unison, that during eight subsequent campaigns that they for the most part acted together, there was never the slightest division between them, nor any interruption of the harmony with which the operations of the Allies were conducted.

The French position was in places strong, and their disposition for resistance at each point where they were threatened by attack from the Allied forces, judicious; but there was a fatal defect in its general conception. Marshal Tallard was on the right, resting on the Danube, which secured him from being turned in that quarter, having the village of Blenheim in his front, which was strongly garrisoned by twenty-six battalions and twelve squadrons, all native French troops. In the centre was the village of Oberglau, which was occupied by fourteen battalions, among whom were three Irish corps of celebrated veterans. The communication between Blenheim and Oberglau was kept up by a screen consisting of eighty squadrons, in two lines, having two brigades of foot, consisting of seven battalions, in its centre. The left, opposite Prince Eugene, was under the orders of Marshal Marsin, and consisted of twenty-two battalions of infantry and thirty-six squadrons, consisting for the most part of Bavarians and Marshal Marsin's men, posted in front of the village of Lutzingen. Thus the French consisted of sixty-nine battalions and a hundred and thirty-four squadrons, and were posted in a line strongly supported at each extremity, but weak in the centre, and with the wings, where the great body of the infantry was placed, at such a distance from each other, that, if the centre was broken through, each ran the risk of being enveloped by the enemy, without the other being able to render them any assistance. This danger as to the troops in Blenheim, the flower of their army, was much augmented by the circumstance, that if their centre was forced where it was formed of cavalry only, and the victors turned sharp round towards Blenheim, the horse would be driven headlong into the Danube, and the foot in that village would run the hazard of being surrounded or pushed into that river, which was not fordable, even for horse, in any part. But though these circumstances would, to a far-seeing general, have presaged serious disaster in the event of defeat, yet the position was strong in itself, and the French generals, long accustomed to victory, had some excuse for not having taken sufficiently into view the contingencies likely to occur in the event of defeat. Both the villages at the extremity of their line had been strengthened, not only with intrenchments hastily thrown up around them, thickly mounted with heavy cannon, but with barricades at all their principal entrances, formed of overturned carts and all the furniture of the houses, which they had seized upon, as the insurgents did at Paris in 1830, for that purpose. The army stood upon a hill or gentle eminence, the guns from which commanded the whole plain by which alone it could be approached; and this plain was low, and intersected on the right, in front of Blenheim, by a rivulet which flows down by a gentle descent to the Danube, and in front of Oberglau by another rivulet, which runs in two branches till within a few paces of the Danube; into which it also empties itself. These rivulets had bridges over them at the points where they flowed through villages; but they were difficult of passage in the other places for cavalry and artillery, and, with the ditches cut in the swampy meadows through which they flowed, proved no small impediment to the advance of the Allied army. — [To be Continued.]

### THE LAST ADVENTURES OF HEReward, THE SAXON.

BY THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A.

In 1072, the Isle of Ely, defended by its surrounding marshes and the bravery of the Saxon outlaws who had fortified it against the Norman invaders, had already held out three years against the repeated attacks of King William's armies. Treason, however, at last prevailed, where open force had been unsuccessful. The monks of Ely, wearied with the uneasy mode of life to which they were exposed, and alarmed still more by the intelligence that all the possessions of their monastery had been confiscated, entered into secret negotiations with the king, and it was agreed that they should admit the Normans into the monastery, which was the outlaws' chief fortress, while the Saxon insurgents were dispersed in search of provisions and adventures. It was probably their intention to capture Hereward, the great leader of the Saxon patriots; but he was secretly informed of the treacherous plan at the moment of its execution, and, assembling as many of his men as were at hand, he threatened to burn both town and monastery (as he had previously done Peterborough), unless the latter was immediately delivered into his hands. This bold demonstration was, however, too late, for the Normans had already gained the monastery, and the town was spared at the intercession of some of Hereward's friends. The Saxons made a desperate resistance, until, overpowered by numbers, a large part of them were put to the sword. One of the old chroniclers tells us that no less than a thousand of the insurgents were slaughtered on this occasion. Of those who were alive, many had their hands cut off, and their eyes put out, and were, in this condition, set at liberty. Such of their leaders as fell into the hands of the conqueror, were imprisoned in some of the strong castles which he had built in different parts of the island.

In one object, however, the Normans were unsuccessful. Hereward with only six of his companions bravely fought their way through the enemy, and escaped into the marshes where their pursuers were unwilling to follow. The Saxon fishermen of the fens were necessary to the Norman army which besieged the marshes, because they supplied it with much of its provisions, and they were, therefore, allowed to follow their occupation in peace; although they were devoted to the cause of their countrymen. One of these received the seven fugitives in his boat, concealed them at the bottom under a heap of straw and reeds, and proceeded with his cargo of fish to a point occupied by one of the numerous guards of Normans placed around the fences to hinder communication between the Isle of Ely and the surrounding country. The fisherman and his companions were well known to the Norman soldiers, who were commanded by a knight of rank, and their arrival caused no suspicion. While they were occupied in landing the provisions, Hereward and his followers escaped from the boat, and concealed themselves in the adjacent bushes, until the Normans, in the greatest security, because they supposed that the island and its defenders were already in the power of the invaders, had seated themselves negligently at their evening meal. Hereward fell suddenly upon them in this defenceless condition; all who resisted were slain; a few made their escape; and the outlaws seized upon their horses, and thus mounted they proceeded to

gather together their scattered companions, and to raise the standard of revolt in the wild woodlands which spread over much of the neighbouring counties of Huntingdon, Northampton, and Lincoln, and thither repaired such of the outlaws of Ely as had not been present in the disastrous struggle from which their chieftain had so narrowly escaped. The first hamlet they came to increased their number to eighteen; by the time they passed Huntingdon, Hereward had collected above one hundred brave men; and before the sun arose on the following morning, seven hundred Saxons, well armed, were assembled in the deep recesses of the Bruneswald, to resist the oppressors of their country. Their daring exploits, and devastations they committed on the property of the Norman intruders, soon proclaimed to the mortified king that the capture of the Camp of Refuge at Ely had not subdued the spirit against which he was contending, and he ordered the entire forces of the counties of Northampton, Lincoln, Leicester, Huntingdon, and Warwick, to be raised under the command of Ivo Taillebois and the Norman Abbot of Peterborough.

Still, however, Hereward continued his desultory warfare, sometimes defeating the parties sent in pursuit of him, and sometimes deceiving them by clever stratagems, when his companions were not numerous enough to withstand them in fight. It is recorded that, among other tricks, the Saxons had the shoes of their horses frequently turned backwards, so that when the Norman soldiers fell into their track, they were sure to take the wrong direction in the pursuit. In this manner Hereward kept his enemies constantly on the alert; and his name was looked upon with such terror, that it was commonly said that three Normans would fly at the sight of one of the Saxons, and Hereward himself is reported to have beaten singly seven Normans on more occasions than one. His deeds were the admiration even of his enemies; some of the young Norman knights left their families, and took oaths of fidelity to the Saxon chieftain, in order to be partakers in his adventures and in his fame.

One day Ivo Taillebois, hearing that Hereward, with no more than a hundred knights, and about two hundred footmen, were sojourning in a wood which might be easily surrounded, joined all the forces he could collect with those of the Abbot Turold, and they went together against him. Hereward for some time kept his enemies at bay with his skirmishing parties, but at length he was obliged to post his small army in the strongest position he could, and prepare for a general attack from an enemy far superior in numbers. It was agreed among the Normans that the Abbot of Peterborough, with some of the Normans of highest rank, should keep guard on the outside of the wood, whilst Ivo Taillebois, with the larger part of their army, penetrated into it to attack the outlaws in their intrenchments. For some time Hereward withstood the attack bravely and successfully; and then suddenly the Saxons gave way, and made a hasty retreat. The Normans, exulting in their victory, followed after; but while they were slowly forcing their way through the entangled thickets, Hereward and his companions, who had executed a new stratagem, turned them by a quick march, fell unexpectedly upon the party paced under the command of Abbot Turold, killed many of them, and mounting their footmen upon the Norman horses, carried the abbot and the more wealthy of his companions into the deep recesses of their forest home, where it was in vain to pursue them, and they only released their captives on the payment of heavy ransoms. From the Abbot of Peterborough, who was an especial object of their hatred, the outlaws extorted the immense sum, at that time, of 30,000 marks of silver.

No sooner had Abbot Turold thus obtained his liberty, than he showed his eagerness for revenge; and he even offered the treasures and possessions of his church, to allure soldiers to join in this design. When Hereward heard of this, he determined to pay another visit to the abbey of Peterborough. Equally rapid in conceiving and in executing his plans, he suddenly made his appearance at night fall of the very day on which he had received intelligence of Turold's proceedings. The abbot, fortunately for himself, escaped, and concealed himself from his pursuers. But the outlaws burnt the town, which was probably now inhabited entirely by Normans, and plundered the church of its treasures. These, however, were restored, in consequence of a dream which Hereward was said to have had the following night.

Hereward's next hostile expedition was directed against the town of Stamford, which had served as a place of refuge to some of his bitterest enemies. He marched, as usual, in the night, and his expedition was carried on with so much silence and secrecy, that it was commonly reported and believed that the Saxons were attended on their way by spirits of the wood, bearing lights visible only to them, and that their guard was a large white wolf, which disappeared as the break of day found them at the end of their journey. The town, taken by surprise, was occupied without resistance; and in this instance Hereward exhibited his generosity by liberating and pardoning his enemies.

In the midst of these daring exploits, measures were suddenly taken to procure a reconciliation between Hereward and the Norman king, to which the former listened less from his despair of now being able to liberate his country from servitude, than by the persuasions of a beautiful and wealthy widow, with whom he appears to have carried on an intrigue, and who had great power at court. We are informed by his biographers that Hereward's first wife, Tuffrida, whom he thus deserted after she had been his faithful companion and adviser in his misfortunes, was to be placed as a nun in the abbey of Croyland, that he was to receive his pardon, quit his lawless life, and be married to the lady Alinda, for that was the widow's name. As the two first conditions were fulfilled, we are left to suppose that the marriage took place; but it is said, that he afterwards acknowledged that he was never fortunate in his undertakings after this act of weakness and ingratitude. He repaired to William's court with forty of his bravest companions, and was received with marked attention and favour by the conqueror. Yet the Norman barons never ceased to regard the Saxon soldiers with envy and hatred, which sometimes broke out into open broils, in which the impetuosity of Hereward's temper afforded a pretext to his enemies, who accused him before the king, and laid to his charge many crimes of which he appears to have been innocent, and he was committed to custody at Bedford, under the charge of Robert de Horepole, where he remained in chains a whole year.

As many of Hereward's friends and followers as had remained with him, when they heard of his imprisonment, again congregated in their old haunts, the woods, and held a secret communication with him, by means of his clerk, named Leofric, who visited his prison in the disguise of a milkman. At length, Leofric brought them intelligence, that on a certain day, Hereward was to be conducted to the castle of Buckingham, to be delivered to the keeping of his old and greatest enemy, Ivo Taillebois. Having obtained exact information by means of spies, of the road by which he was to be carried, the Saxons placed themselves in ambush in a wood, through which the convoy was to pass, suddenly attacked Hereward's guard, who were defeated, after a desperate struggle, and the hero was delivered from his chains by his old and faithful followers. Robert de Horepole, who had been an indulgent keeper to Hereward,

was taken prisoner in the scuffle; but was immediately liberated, and, in consequence of his representations to the king, Hereward was again pardoned, and restored to his land.

But although Hereward had thus obtained the peace of the king, it did not secure him from the Norman barons, his enemies, who sought every opportunity of attacking him. He was more than once besieged in his own house, and he could not venture abroad without a strong body of armed soldiers to defend him; even at his meals, when it was the hospitable custom to eat with open doors, he was obliged to place a vigilant watchman at a short distance from his house, to warn him against the approach of his foes. One day his chaplain, Ailward, who acted as sentinel during Hereward's dinner, fell asleep at his post. A strong party of Normans and Bretons took advantage of this circumstance to carry their long cherished designs into execution. Hereward was totally unarmed, but he seized upon a shield, a lance, and a sword which lay near, and rushed out with his old companion in arms, named Winter, to meet his assailants. "Traitors," he said, "your king has given me his peace, yet you come here to take my goods, and slay me and my friends. Though you have taken me unarmed, at my dinner, you shall have no cheap bargain of me." The first to advance was a knight, who sought to avenge many of his friends and companions in arms slain by the Saxon insurgents, but Hereward at the first blow thrust his spear through his body, and he fell a corpse to the ground. Then the Normans attacked Hereward from all sides, with lances and swords; but, though soon covered with wounds, he defended himself "like a wild boar;" when his spear was broken he betook himself to his sword, and when that was also rendered useless, he took his shield in his right hand and used it as weapon. Fifteen of the assailants had already fallen by his arm, when four of his enemies came behind him, and buried their spears in his back. Hereward fell upon his knees, but with his last effort he hurled his shield at a knight of Brittany, named Ralph de Dol, who was advancing to attack him—The Saxon hero and the Breton knight fell dead at the same instant. A Norman cut off Hereward's head, and carried it away as a trophy. Such was the end of the last champion of Saxon liberty. "It was commonly supposed," says the writer who has preserved the account of his death, "that had there been only four such men, the Normans would have been long ago driven out of the land."

### MEMORIES OF THOMAS CAMPBELL.

BY A COSMOPOLITAN.

During the last few years, some of the most gifted children of genius have gone down to darkness and the worm. Southey, Cunningham, Hood, Miss Landon, Mrs. Holland, Mrs. James Gray, Laman Blanchard, and others, have laid aside their pens forever, and those melancholy words, "The late," are associated with their honored names. Not the least distinguished amongst the illustrious dead was whose name stands at the head of this article—or, to slightly alter one of his own verses, which occurs in the valedictory stanzas to one of England's greatest actors:—

"Fair as some classic dome,  
Refined and richly graced,  
Our Campbell's spirit was the home  
Of genius and of taste;  
Taste, like the silent dial's power,  
That, when supernal light is given,  
Could measure inspiration's hour,  
And tell its height in heaven."

To the world of literature, so far as the bodily presence and the later works of the poet were concerned, Campbell had long been a "lost man." His last effusions were unworthy of his splendid genius, and, unhappily, the temple in which that genius dwelt became defaced, ere it fell. His sun went down behind a cloud; but whilst the eye pensively gazed on the mists, tinged, as they were, with departing glory, memory reverted to the brightness of its rising, and the calm splendour of its meridian.

It is almost with fear and trembling that I am about to pen a few recollections of this highly-gifted man. Since his death, many notices of him have appeared, in various periodicals. By some writers he has been lauded as if he had been

"That faultless monster which the world ne'er saw;"

By others, his memory has been assailed, and the feelings of those who loved him outraged. To this latter class of writers may be referred the author of some "Personal Recollections of Thomas Campbell," which have recently appeared in the Dublin University Magazine, and have been republished in this country.

I envy not the feelings of the writer of those articles. He could have been no friend of the Poet, thus to have chronicled his querulous, and even blasphemous sayings—if, indeed, such remarks as he declares Campbell to have made, were, in reality, uttered. Admitting the writer of these articles to have divulged the truth only, he has shown little taste, and less kindness, in holding up his departed friend to the contempt of the public. Unkind things which had been said of contemporaries, especially in confidential conversation, should have been sacred, and not have been raked up to wound the feelings of survivors, as in the case of Allan Cunningham, whose son Peter will ill relish the (said to be) remark of Campbell, that "honest Allan" was "the most infernal liar that ever left Scotland." No—if Campbell had faults, and that he had, all the world knows, it would surely have been better for those who were honored with his acquaintance, to have left them in his grave, or with his God, than to have trumpeted them forth, when his heart and flesh had failed, and he "rested in Hope."

Not that I would by any means indulge, when speaking of departed genius, in fulsome praise, or indiscriminate laudation. The very errors of great men may serve as beacons, to warn others off the reefs and rocks on which they split—but assuredly, no good end can be served by chronicling scandal, and recording disgusting little-tattle. That the few last years of Campbell's life were unworthily spent, is too notorious a fact to be even questioned. Every one who moved at all in literary circles, were well aware that a melancholy change had come over him—that the fine gold of his polished mind had been dimmed by—it is useless to conceal it—habitual intemperance; but charity might have taught survivors to forget what the poet said and did, when he was

\* This account of Hereward's death, which appears to be the most authentic, is given by Geoffrey Gaymar. The compiler of the Latin life of the hero leaves us to suppose that he ended his days in peace; but other authorities give us better reason for believing that he came to a violent death. One writer says that he was slain in a broil with his son-in-law.

not himself; and gratitude for the delight afforded by his noble lyrics might well have cast the mantle of forbearance over his imperfections.

No sketch of Thomas Campbell could be life-like if this melancholy failing of the poet was not adverted to, and it is perhaps well that it should not be glossed over. Unhappily it so happened, as it does, indeed, in most cases, that when he had "tarried too long at the wine," Campbell was the very opposite of himself, in his right mind, and it is melancholy to know that this state of things was too often the case, for he was, in a great measure, what is called a solitary drinker. Unlike Burns, who only sought the cup in society, or poor Maginn, or Lamb, who swallowed their wine only in admiring circles, Campbell moodily sought stimuli, when alone, and frequently, before dinner, he might be seen in a maudlin state of inebriety. Such facts as these were stated during Campbell's life-time, in the public prints, and are so notorious, that every literary man in London, and hundreds of others, are cognizant of them, therefore I am not invading the sanctity of the grave, by referring to them. His being blackballed at the "Garrick," too, in consequence of his frequently going to the club-house in a state of intoxication, is a notorious fact; and the London Times did not hesitate to declare that his speech at one of the Literary Fund dinners could only have been made by him when "three sheets in the wind." Some gentlemen, also, from, I believe, the city of Boston, who anticipated, with great pleasure, seeing the Author of the "Pleasures of Hope," when they met him at a Convention in London, had all their fine ideas of the polished Poet dispelled by the sight of that Poet, who came to the meeting in a miserable plight, from having studied in what Sergeant Talfourd has styled, "the tipsy school." In the cases of many, Maginn, for instance, Coleridge's remark, that "some men are like musical glasses; to produce their finest tones, they must be continually kept wet," is partially verified. With Campbell, alcoholic drinks produced effects directly the reverse; they rendered him maudlin, imbecile, and ridiculous.

But, leaving this painful portion of the subject—and to which I will not, if possible, revert—let me picture, as well as may be, the man. I have seen him, scores of times—and have not unsequentially been in his company. The conversations I have had with him, and to which I am about to refer, were held at different times; and I do not pretend to relate them in the order in which they transpired. As they occur to my mind, I jot them down, without regard to method or arrangement—as is my custom, indeed, in all of these Sketches—and the reader should bear this in mind, whilst perusing them. As I have before hinted, I make no pretensions to style, in these desultory articles.—I only talk on paper.

I first saw Campbell on the occasion of a meeting of the Committee of the Literary Fund, at their rooms, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. At that time, I was comparatively a stranger in London; and had accompanied a literary friend to the meeting, for the purpose of seeing a few of the literary lions. When the Bard of Hope was pointed out to me, I was not a little disappointed; for, from the portraits of him, by Lawrence and Raeburn, I had imagined a tall, fine, aristocratic looking man. He was directly the reverse—and a more unpoetic looking personage my eyes never rested upon. The celebrated man was thin, and meagre-faced—the skin of his visage being wrinkled and sallow. In his eyes—which were of a dull, grey colour—there was little speculation. The eye-brows were rather bushy, and streaked with long, grey hairs, which stood stubbly out from the rest. His forehead was broad, and well marked, but by no means high; and a brown wig, the only thing about his person which seemed to have had any attention paid to it, surmounted it. Campbell's mouth had a singularly unpleasant expression about it. It was ill-formed, and the lips were thin and pale. His stature was low, and his figure slender, and pinched up. He seemed to be perpetually cold. His dress consisted of a bright blue dress coat, with shining brass buttons—a lemon-colored waistcoat—and, I believe, black trousers. The coat, especially, seemed to have been particularly well brushed. Taking the man altogether, he might have passed for a miser, who had ventured to spend a trifle for a suit of second-hand clothes, in Monmouth street, and was determined to show them off to the best advantage.

In conversation with Campbell was an individual, whose countenance was directly the opposite of the poet's, in point of expression. It was round, ruddy, and remarkably vivacious. It had the true Milesian cast, and was radiant with genius and good humour. This was Maginn—"The Doctor" of Fraser's Magazine—and one of the most versatile geniuses of the day. Maginn was never, as has been stated, the editor of Fraser; he was merely a contributor, and had nothing whatever to do with the management. Most of the articles, illustrative of the clever portraits in the magazine, were from his pen; and the reader will remember, that it was in consequence of his slashing review of Grantley Berkeley's novel of Sandron Hall, that the novelist and M.P. made that fierce personal attack on Mr. Fraser, the publisher of the periodical, which indirectly caused his death. After the assault, Maginn sent to Berkeley, acknowledging his being the author of the critique, and a duel was the consequence.

Maginn was unquestionably one of the most brilliant men of his day, and his Homeric Hymns will ever remain a monument of his genius. His pen was wonderfully facile, and as a linguist he scarcely left his equal. Should this slight notice of him ever fall under the eye of any who have enjoyed the pleasure of his society, they will not fail to remember sundry "noctes" at a hotel not far from Covent Garden of which Maginn was the life and soul. Like Hook, he possessed, to an extraordinary degree, the faculty of extemporaneous verse making; but Maginn's field of fun was more extensive than was even that of his brother wit, inasmuch as he turned off Latin, Greek, German, French, or Spanish songs, with as much ease and grace as those of his own tongue. His humour really seemed to be inexhaustible; but, unfortunately, he lived too fast to live long. Courtied by all circles, his habits of dissipation became radically confirmed, and he died, at a comparatively early age, like Sheridan, in a state of almost destitution. A number of anecdotes were, at the time I saw him, current, as to his attachment to a celebrated deceased poetess, and scandal made herself very busy with the names of both. One night it was said that Maginn was found lying in the road which led to his home, after a party in a state of helpless intoxication. The watchman searched his pockets, to discover, if possible, who he was, and acquired the necessary information by the address on a letter, which he found in his pocket book. On leaving him at his residence, the guardian handed the epistle to Mrs. Maginn, and it was said to be one from the authoress hinted at, of too affectionate a nature to be pleasing to the partner of the gentleman to whom it was addressed. Some little time after, when Maginn made his appearance, at his house, in a similar helpless condition, acting on the hint she had received, Mrs. M. searched her husband's pockets, and found a letter from him, to the lady, unsealed, and as yet unopened, requesting her, as his wife suspected a correspondence, to direct her letters, for the future, to him, at some given post office. Now, whether any other than a platonic regard existed between the Doctor and his fair friend, it is not for me to



say; but as he succeeded in making his wife believe that that lady and himself, having had a literary dispute respecting the style of love letters, they had each agreed to pen such epistles, to exhibit their ideas of what they ought to be, and for no other earthly reason, we should in all charity incline to the belief that there was nothing improper in the matter. Certain it is that Magin was a very attached friend of the Author as referred to, and that her death was such a shock to him, that he did not speak for many hours after he heard of her melancholy fate.

To return to Campbell. Having been introduced to him, he made a few common-place remarks, and learning that I should be some time in the Metropolitan, he invited me to call on him, at his lodgings, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. I promised to avail myself of his kind request, but circumstances for some time prevented my waiting on him, and I next met him at a soiree given by Sir Henry Ellis, in his private rooms, at the British Museum, of which magnificent establishment Sir Henry is the principal Librarian. It was a perfect crush room of literary men and artists. On the tables were displayed choice drawings of some recent curiosities, which had been added to the Museum, together with various objects of interest. It was quite a free and easy affair, and the absence of all ceremony lent the principal charm to the entertainment. The visitors, after greeting Sir Henry, passed away their time as they chose, and left, without any formalities, whenever they felt so disposed. Whilst strolling about the rooms, I encountered Campbell, who immediately recognized me, and drawing me aside, we sat near a table covered with Pompeian relics. He kindly pointed out to me many of the strangers who were present, and whose appearance he thought might interest me.

Campbell's voice was very unmusical, and strongly marked with the Scotch brogue. Whilst speaking, he was perpetually fidgeting about, and glancing his quick, suspicious looking eyes around, in all directions. The set of his wig seemed, I thought, somewhat to annoy him; for he was continually twitching it one side and another—and a very fine and smart wig it was, much too dandish for Campbell, whose wrinkled, parchment looking visage it by no means displayed to advantage. I know not why it was, but Campbell seemed annoyed about something that evening, and left early; but before he quitted, I promised I would call on him on the following morning, he having offered to be my *cicerone* to the Adelphi, to see the paintings of Barry, whose genius he professed to hold in high admiration.

At the hour appointed, I proceeded to his chambers, which were situated, as I said, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. It was about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and I found the poet still in his easy chair, at the breakfast table. The apartment was snug, and comfortably furnished—some pictures, by Stothard, hung on the walls, and books were placed wherever space could be found for them. After he had finished his meal, and the breakfast things were cleared away by a little girl, his only attendant, he took a pipe from a corner of the room, and observing that he was a devoted lover of the weed, began to puff away prodigiously. He had received, that morning, a note from Rogers, and the circumstance led to a conversation respecting the author of the "Pleasures of Memory." Campbell said that he would never have been appreciated so highly, had it not been for his wealth and his breakfast parties—but admitted that his taste, especially in works of art, was almost faultless. The conversation then turned on Coleridge. "I cannot make him out," said Campbell. "The first time I ever met him, or when he met me, rather, was in this room. I was sitting, one morning, smoking as I am now, when I heard a knock at my door; and on opening it, an elderly gentleman accosted me by name, and expressed the great pleasure he felt in seeing me. I asked him in, not knowing who he was, and he commenced talking at once about my "Hohenlinden." I soon found out it must be Coleridge; but I could not get in a word edgewise—not, indeed, did I wish to, for he talked the finest poetry to which I ever listened. The worst of it was, he was never consecutive; his images were all magnificent, but too much like unfinished pictures. Just as one began to appreciate the beauty of his figures, he shifted the kaleidoscope, and new combinations of thought were the result."

After some other desultory remarks, the Poet resigned his pipe, and having attired himself with some care, and selected, from a whole host of wigs, one which seemed to suit him, we sallied forth. It was now nearly one o'clock, and when we reached the Strand, Campbell proposed that before we visited the pictures we should take a pot of porter at a neighbouring tavern, to which we accordingly repaired. It was one of the sumptuous gin places so common in London, and the poet, who seemed to be intimately acquainted with the place, and myself, availed ourselves of a side door, which admitted us to a quiet little parlor, apart from the place where coal heavers and coster-mongers imbibed the multifarious and abominable compounds, which rejoiced in the names of Cream of the Valley, and other such seductive appellations. Two pewter vessels of stout were brought to us, and whilst we quietly discussed it, Campbell related to me that whenever he visited Edinburgh, he never failed to smoke his pipe at a favorite resort of Burns's, in that city. It was a little, out of the way public house, said he, about a mile from "Auld Reekie," and in it was a room, long and narrow, where the Ayrshire ploughman used to resort, with one or two boon companions. From its shape it was called by Burns the "Coffin," and the name of Burns's Coffin it retains until this day. It was in that room, said Campbell, that many of his lyrics were composed, and the landlord had the good sense and prudence to preserve the room and its furniture in just the same state that it was in, in Burns's time.

There was one peculiarity which I noted in Campbell's conversation. Whatever subject was broached, it invariably led him to speak of himself and his poems. The latter were continually recurring themes. He did not exactly praise his own productions, but he so nearly approached to self panegyric that there was no difficulty in observing that he patted himself upon them. He had also the bad taste to quote from himself. Of Byron he spoke with a good deal of disrespect, both for his private and poetical character. His poem of "Dante's" he said, he considered to be the most perfect of his productions. Some of the early puerilities of Wordsworth he commented on with much bitterness. He cordially admitted the greatness of his genius. From poets he passed on to speak of painters, and lauded Turner in the most extravagant terms—of Chantry he spoke very slightly, but that might easily be accounted for, as the great sculptor had resolutely refused to model a bust of Campbell, at which the bard of Hope was not a little mortified. Chantry said that Campbell's thin lips never could be effectively sculptured in marble, but the real reason why he would not have Campbell as a sitter was an old grudge, which the sculptor could not forget.

Sir Thomas Lawrence painted Campbell's portrait, of which the poet was not a little proud; but, fine as the picture is, as a work of art, as a likeness it is a total failure. Campbell, however, did not think so, and was extremely fond of presenting his friends with proof impressions of the engravings from it—a number of which he always kept by him, with his autograph beneath. To

say the truth—one of Campbell's besetting sins was vanity—it continually oozed out, and if adulation was not proffered him he became morose and displeased. Half of the sour things which he said, arose more from this cause than from any positive dislike to the objects of his attacks. He sat on a poetic throne, and he would exact the homage of his subjects.

Talking on one subject and another we arrived at the Adelphi, and here, for the present, I will lay down my pen, reserving until a second paper on this subject, my further memories of the Poet.—*Boston Atlas.*

## THE ASS EATING THISTLES.

(BESOP ILLUSTRATED)—BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER PRIGGINS," &c.

Every body who is acquainted with the beautiful county of Dorset knows that within a mile or two of its iron bound coast, whose cliffs may compete in majesty with those of Western Ireland, many a little village may be seen perched, like some solitary bird, amidst the mighty expanse of downland that fringes the rocky shore. With the exception of the short sweet turf that clothes the hills, vegetable animation appears to be suspended. If you plant a tree or a shrub higher than a cabbage in one week afterwards you may send for the coroner to sit upon its dead body, and the verdict of a Dorsetshire jury would be, "Died from natural causes." Yet, in despite of this absence of "vegetable matter," as the philosophers call it, no one, with any taste for the picturesque, would fail to pronounce the whole tract of country beautiful. Miles and miles of hill and dale—and of such hills and dales as no one not "in condition" should dream of traversing on foot—covered with delicious green turf, and dotted with the little horned white fleeced sheep of the county, present a picture to the eye which cannot but please. Grandeur has marked the spot for her own, and although a resident might deem it monotonous—if the word is applicable in this sense—the traveller would hesitate before he coincided in opinion with him.

In one of these little villages, built of Portland stone, and surrounded by walls of the same material, skilfully erected without mortar or any other cement, our friend Ichabod Ironsides was born. As soon as he could toddle about he was set to watch the sheep on the hill side, and would probably have followed that tedious occupation until he was fit to go to sea, had not the curate of the village taken him into his service to clean shoes and boots, knives and forks, and do all and every thing that is required of a boy who is expected to make himself generally useful. For these services Ichabod got sixpence a week and his victuals; he also got the cast-off suits of the curate's son, a boy of his own age, though if the truth must be told, the parson was so poor, that his son's garments, when pronounced too shabby to wear, were more suited to decorate a bog-hole for scaring birds away, than the person of another boy, even so poor a one as Ichabod Ironsides; yet Ichabod got pelted by his companions, who envied him the possession of garments superior to, and differing in fashion from, their own.

What cared Ichabod for their peltings and their insults! Not a dump. He was warmly clothed and well fed; and, moreover, he had a companion in the curate's son, who not only took his part against the little villagers, but taught him to read, write, and cipher. He spent all his little earnings with the travelling stationer, who made his appearance with his pack twice a year in the village. Proud enough he was of his books, his pens, and paper, and his slate, and happy was he too until his mother died, and left him to the cruel mercies of a stepfather, whose greatest delight was to invent some method or other of annoying "the scholar," and preventing him from pursuing his studies. Ichabod, therefore, when he returned to his humble home for the night, instead of being allowed to sit up after the family had gone to bed, and do the tasks set him by his young master, which his kind mother had permitted him to do, was put to some work or other, or else, which was more frequently the case, ruffed and knocked about for "being more learned than other folks, and wasting the varthing rushlights."

Ichabod disclosed to his friend the cause of his failing to complete his lessons as he had hitherto done; but there was no remedy for it. He would have been taken into the curate's house, but, alas! it was very small, and the curateless like the rest of her kind, was wonderfully prolific. Still Ichabod got on; he rose early, worked hard, and then spent the leisure hours that he had made for himself, in pursuing his studies. He might probably have gone on thus for years, had he not been more cruelly treated by his step-father, and come into possession, by purchase, of two books deeply interesting to boys—"Robinson Crusoe" and "Whittington and his Cat." He read them over and over again, until they made so deep an impression upon him, that he resolved to run away from home, go to sea, and get cast away on a desolate island, keep a black slave, a Pouter parrot, and a goat, or else carry away the old Tom-cat that purled on his unhappy hearthstone, and make a fortune by rat-hunting in foreign parts.

Under a promise of secrecy, he revealed his intentions to his young master, who at first did all he could to dissuade him from so rash an enterprise; but afterwards he not only encouraged him in it, but resolved to join him—so very persuasive was the eloquence with which Ichabod pointed out the pleasures of seeking one's fortune, and the certainty of success.

Their plan was laid. It was this; they were to walk up to London, subsist on their savings, amounting to three shillings-and-ninapence, as long as they could, and then to beg their way. But which was the way to London? The map was examined, their road was to be eastward, and as they knew that the sun rose in the east, they made up their minds to start as he rose next morning, and walk as fast and as far as they could towards him.

When day dawned the two fortune seekers might have been seen gazing, for the last time as they thought, on the village which had given them birth. A tear started from the eyes of the curate's son, as he thought of the misery he was about to bring on his fond parents, and his little brothers and sisters; while Ichabod smiled triumphantly to think that he had escaped from the cruelties of his step-father, and was one mile nearer to his desolate island, or the court of the foreign prince who was in want of "a rat destroyer to his majesty." On—they went until the appearance of the country was entirely changed. Instead of extensive downs without a tree to be seen upon them, they entered lanes bordered with blooming hedge rows and sheltered by lofty trees. The fields were covered with luxuriant green crops of corn, and here and there a farm-house or a mansion, was seen presenting such a picture of comfort as the boys had never dreamed of. Their hearts bounded in their bosoms with joy, and their admiration of all they saw served to "cheat them of their way." At length they came within sight of a small town. They longed to enter it, and survey its lofty steeped church, and other buildings which appeared to them to be magnificent, but the fear of being pursued induced them to leave it on their right, and keep to the retired lanes. Hunger and fatigue at length compelled them to stop for rest and refreshment. The bag of provisions which

they had secured before they left home was opened, and its contents greatly relished—never had bread and cheese and onions eaten so deliciously before. A draught from a clear trout-brook quenched their thirst, and after an hour's rest they set out again on their journey.

"I can go no further, Ichabod," said his companion, as he threw himself on the grass, in the middle of an extensive common, just before nightfall. "My shoes are coming to pieces, and my feet are sadly blistered—I can go no further to-night."

"Try again—only for a little while," said Ichabod. "I see a wood about a mile off. We will gain that and rest for the night. We must be getting near London."

"Nonsense, Ichabod—London is miles, miles off yet; but I will try to reach the wood, as you wish it."

He made the attempt, but after proceeding about a hundred yards his strength entirely failed him; he fell to the ground and fainted much to Ichabod's horror, for he thought he was dead. As soon as he came to himself again, he crawled to a thorn-bush which was the only hotel at which they could put up at that night. The remainder of their provisions was eaten, but with distrust, as they were thirsty, and could procure nothing but ditchwater, which, for want of a better vessel, Ichabod brought to his friend in his hat. They soon fell asleep, however, and long and heavily did they sleep, until they were roused by a heavy storm of thunder and lightning, accompanied by a fall of rain that drenched them to their skin. Ichabod cared but little about it, his heart was in his little desolate island—but his companion thought of his home of his mother, and of her misery at losing him. He cried bitterly, and resolved to return to his home. Ichabod was surprised when told of his resolve, but did not attempt to dissuade him from it. He positively refused to accompany him, however, for he dreaded the blows of his step-father, and the loss of the fortune which he had set out to seek. The boys sobbed frightfully, as they embraced each other at parting, but Ichabod recovered himself first, and to console his friend, told him that, "When he had made his fortune he would return and share it with him."

"Give me a ride, do give me a ride, for I am foot sore, and worn out," cried a body to the Southampton waggoner, as he was turning the corner of a lane.

"Who beest? where dost come from? Wo o oh."

The team stopped and our friend Ichabod said that he was a poor Dorsetshire lad going to seek his fortune.

"Where dost 'spect to vind a vortun?" asked the driver.

"I'm going to get wricked on a desolate island, or else to carry a cat out on speculation."

"Dang un, thee best a rum un, or else th'art putting fun at I."

"I am not, indeed. I am serious," said Ichabod. "I have walked a long way, and my shoes are worn out. See how my feet bleed."

"Hast got any money?"

"Ninapence," said Ichabod. "I have spent a shilling, and I will give you sixpence to let me ride to London."

"Poor boy! If I take thy sixpence may I be d—d. Jump up," said the waggoner.

Ichabod made an attempt to obey, but as he had been travelling for three days and a night, his strength failed him, and he would have fallen had not the good-natured driver caught him and lifted him into the back of the waggon.

When he arrived at his next baiting-place, the driver questioned Ichabod as to who he was, whence he came, and whether he was really going; for he could not believe that what he had told him before was not spoken as a joke. Ichabod told him the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, which was received with a grin, and widely staring eyes, and the words,

"Thee be'st a wool or a mad boy."

"Can't help it," said Ichabod. "Robinson Crusoe was not a fool or a mad man, nor was 'Bittington—he could noibe—for he was Lord Mayor of London, and all through killing rats."

"Was he by gosh! Here, take a bit of my pork and bread, and a drink of my yale, and then go to sleep again, for thee'st got a vever on thee."

Ichabod took what was offered to him so kindly, and was soon in a deep sleep again, out of which he did not wake until he was roused by the waggoner, who told him he was in London. He rubbed his eyes, rolled out at the back of the waggon, and though he could scarcely stand on his feet, they were so sore, he rushed out of the inn yard, and gazed in admiration at the crowds of people as they passed along Fleet-street.

"Come in lad—come in and ha' zommut to yeat and drink," said the waggoner.

"Not yet," said Ichabod; "just let all these people go by and let me have one look at London."

The waggoner laughed, and told him if he waited till all the people were gone by, he would have to stand there till midnight. Ichabod could not believe him, and would have stood there to prove his words untrue, had he not been pushed about in so rude a manner, that he was glad to seek protection under the gateway of the Bolt-in-Tun.

"Heigh, you buy! get out of the way," screamed a voice; but before Ichabod could comply with the advice given to him, he felt a something strike him between the shoulders, and found himself on the ground between a pair of horses. He looked up and saw that a heavy, lumbering vehicle was passing over him, and heard several voices shouting out, "Stop—you've killed a boy."

A crowd of course was quickly collected. The hackney-coach was stopped, and Ichabod was dragged out from beneath it more frightened than hurt.

As his friend, the waggoner, stood rubbing him down, and giving every limb a twist and a tug to see if he was broken or not, Ichabod heard a loud voice call out to him,

"What cheer, mate?"

He looked up and saw the owner of the voice leaning out of the coach-window, and looking earnestly at him with one eye, while the other seemed to be busily employed with what was going on in Fleet street. The nose, which was skirted by these two very remarkable-looking eyes, was peculiarly large, of purple tint, and plentifully studded with red and white pimples.

"Ol zooks, but he's an ugly customer," said the waggoner. "But speak up and tell him yur aint a hurted."

"What cheer and he hanged to you," said the voice in angry, passionate tones. Before Ichabod could reply, the body to which the strange eyes and nose belonged protruded itself through the open window of the coach, and in a manner that appeared miraculous to the bystanders, was speedily on the ground, and close to the boy's side.

"What cheer—the boy say—what cheer?"

"I don't understand you," said Ichabod.

"Curse you, can't you understand English? Are you hurt?" said the ugly man, catching Ichabod by the collar and shaking him.

"Come—come—none of that—hands off," said the waggoner.

"Who are you and be —? Are you the boy's father that you must put your oar in?"

"Not I, nor his uncle either; but I can't see an ill-used—so leave go on 'un."

"Let us get under hatches and talk the matter over snugly," said the ugly man, dragging the unresisting Ichabod into a parlour, into which he was followed by the waggoner. "Here, waiter, bring a pint of rum and some glasses, sugar, and hot water; pay that lubber of a coachman that steered over the boy here, and order him to shove off."

As soon as the hackney-coach was driven off, the crowd dispersed, and Ichabod found himself undergoing the operations of drinking a stiff tumbler of rum-and-water, and answering the inquiries put to him by the ugly man as well as he could, for the questions seemed to him to be put to him in a foreign language.

"Now look you here, youngster," said the ugly man, after Ichabod had told his tale, and the waggoner had confirmed as much of it as he could, "you have run away from a — bad home to seek your fortune. You want to go to sea to be cast away on a deserted island. You're an ass. As for being Lord Mayor of London and keeping a cat, that's the more pleasant life of the two, and if you can eat and drink as much as ten common men you may be a Lord Mayor some day—but that's neither here nor there, if you haven't got plenty of the mopuses, which I reckon isn't the case; so, instead of which, if you want to go to sea, seeing I was nearly cause of your dying on dry land, I am your man. You shall sail along with me. I'll make you my cabin-boy, and although I won't promise to put you on shore upon a desert island—'cause it's against the laws, and I may get scragged for it—I'll advance you money for your outfit. There it is. I sail to-morrow from the West India Docks. My name is Blowy—Captain Blowy, and I command the barque the Lovely Ann. Get your traps, and be on board at ten o'clock."

So saying, Captain Blowy put into the hands of the astonished boy five golden guineas. Ichabod stared at them in so peculiar a manner, and seemed so utterly ignorant of their use or value, that the captain burst into a loud laugh, and taking the guineas from his still open palm, replaced them in his own pocket.

"What a wool thee be'est to part wi' 'em," said the waggoner, knocking his hand heavily on the table, and gazing angrily at the boy.

"Not a bit—not a bit. He don't know the use of them, or how to set about getting an outfit, and you cannot help him, you loot! There's a crown for your good nature to the lad, who shall come home with me to my lodgings at once," said the captain.

The waggoner pocketed the coin, shook hands with Ichabod, and left the room to look after his cattle. The captain, after he had finished the rum, of which he made the boy partake, and the reckoning, and having called another hackney coach, was driven, with Ichabod by his side, to an outfitting warehouse, where he exchanged his shabby suit, formerly the property of the curate's son, for a seaman's dress of blue flushing cloth, a blue checked shirt, and a raw-bat covered with oiled silk. A large chest was filled with all sorts of things, of which the boy could not comprehend the use; a hammock and all other necessaries were ordered and paid for, and then stowed away in the coach, in which the captain and his young protégé were conveyed to the lodgings of the former in Katiciff Highway. At ten on the following morning the Lovely Ann was "cleared outward" from the West India Docks, and with wind and tide in her favour, set out upon her voyage, deeply laden with a cargo of Osnaburghs and other articles of home manufacture for the use of the slaves in our plantations.

Reader imagine twenty years to have passed since the sailing of the Lovely Ann, and accompany us to a snug dining-room in a comfortable house in Greenwich. Look out of the bow-window and you will see for miles a splendid view of our splendid river. Examine the furniture and you will find it a strange medley of things brought from foreign lands—old fashioned easy chairs, curiosities of all sorts, and modern mirrors and gew-gaws. There is a Poll parrot, a mackaw, a cockatoo, and a monkey; all are alive and kicking, screaming, chattering, talking, and all at once. Over the chimney place you will see the portrait of a man in a seaman's dress. He squints awfully, although the painter has done his best to hide the defect. His cheeks are of the colour of dark mahogany, and his nose emulates in its tint the hue of the turkey-cock's wattle, and is thickly sudded with red and white pimples. In the back ground—which is water by the by—is a ship rigged barque fashion, "floated in," as the painters say; on her stern you may read the name, the Lovely Ann; and, although you have never seen the man, you cannot mistake him for any one but Captain Blowy.

Before a huge coal fire, although the season is closely approaching to summer, are sitting a man about five-and-thirty years of age, but looking ten or fifteen years older, either from the effects of climate or hard living, or both combined; and opposite to him a lady, whose dark complexion pronounces her a creole. She seems to be some ten years older than her husband, and is as magnificently dressed as a Greenwich milliner can make her. Her fingers are loaded with rings, and her ears considerably elongated by a weighty pair of drops. The gentleman is sipping sangaree and smoking a cheroot, while the lady is feeding the cockatoo and playing with the monkey.

"Poke the fire, Thello, that's a dear. This air is enough to perish one."

"I won't poke the fire, ring for Kooney—nor I won't be called Othello—I don't know why I should."

"Read Shakspeare, my dear, and you will find out."

"I shan't read Shakspeare either; I dare say it's an improper book, or you would not recommend it to me," said the lady. "Here, cocky dearest, tell me who's a brute to his wife, and I'll give you a bit of cake."

"Ichabod! Ichabod!" screamed the bird.

"There's a dear," said the lady.

"I'll teach you better manners, mate," said the gentleman, as he coolly discharged a piping hot tumbler of rum and water, which his spouse had just brewed for herself, at the bird. Cocky, however, who was on the look out for squalls, dropped off his perch, and the monkey was the receiver of the scalding liquid. Jocko screamed, he squalled, he chattered in his agony, put up his paw as if he would knock his master down, and finally jumped, reeking as he was with the sticky fluid, into his mistress' lap, where he was cuddled and cried over, amidst the chattering and screaming of the parrot, cockatoo, and blue tailed mackaw; while Ichabod calmly sipped sangaree and smoked his cheroot.

"Come, Thello, that's a dear, leave off crying and drop that brute of a monkey."



"Brute, indeed! who is a brute I should like to know?" sobbed the lady.

"Ichabod! Ichabod!" screamed the cockatoo.

"So he is, my dearest. There he sits smoking and drinking like a low born wretch as he is, instead of taking his claret and champagne like a gentleman as he should be."

"I hate wine, and like smoking," said Ichabod. "I was taught to like it by my old friend up there, God bless him—as he doubtless has done. Why don't you drink wine, Mrs. Ironsides, instead of hot grog, if it's so much more genteel?"

"I take it medicinally, and you know it—and as for your old friend up there," said the lady, pointing to the portrait of Captain Blowzy, "I wonder you can keep such an ugly brute in the house."

"Come, come, 'Thello, that's a dear don't abuse my best friend. Didn't he take me by the hand when I was friendless? Didn't he watch over me like a mother when I was supposed to be dying with the fever? Didn't he make a good seaman of me—put me in the way of earning an honest living—leave me all his money when he died, and put me in the way of marrying you?"

"Marrying me? Marrying my fortune you mean?"

"I could not marry one without the other, 'Thello; or may be you might be out in Jamaica now and I seated here a snug bachelor, not worried to death by a discontented woman, a chattering monkey, and three screaming birds, besides having to keep old Kooney, the negro woman, who's always at one's elbow like a she devil as she is," said Ichabod.

"Oo want nothin', massa, s'pose," said Kooney, popping her very ugly face within the door.

"Go to—down below, and be hanged to you," said Ichabod.

"S'pose 'oo not want Kooney neither, missus?"

"Get out, or I'll—"

But Kooney was gone before the threat was finished.

"I won't stay here and see my poor old nurse so abused," said Mrs. Ironsides. "I will go back to Jamaica and leave you."

"No you won't, 'Thello dear, you'll think better of it. You've only been in England a week, and have not seen the beauties of it yet," said Ichabod.

"Beauties indeed! as if a married man ought to talk of such creatures to his wife!"

"Pish! I don't mean the women, 'Thello; I have got you, and that is quite enough."

"You are a brute—that's certain. Didn't you promise me to bring me to England and introduce me to the best society in London? Yes, you know it and here we are in a nasty, dirty, sea-port, or river port, and never see any thing or any body."

"We see all the outward and homeward bound vessels, 'Thello, besides the boats and barges, and the fine old pensioners; and as for company—didn't you always profess when you was courting me, that I was all the world to you, and say that we were to be all the world to one another?" said Ichabod, looking provokingly sly.

"Greenwich pensioners indeed!" replied the lady not taking notice of the last remark. "Yes; instead of spending my money like a gentleman, taking me to plays and balls, and giving dinner parties, you must be throwing away guineas after guineas on a parcel of old men who—"

"Have fought for their king and country, 'Thello, dear. I'd rather bring a smile upon one of their weather beaten figure-heads by treating them to a can of grog, than have a parcel of chaps at my table who would eat of the best and drink of the dearest, and then laugh at me behind my back, and perhaps before my face, for a vulgar brute who rose from nothing, and married a blackey for her money."

"Mrs. Ironsides was too angry to speak, her eyes flashed, and she seemed to be choking with passion."

"It's unpleasant, but it's true, 'Thello; that is what the fine folks would say of me—but never you mind—let me enjoy my-self in my way, though it may be a queer one—you shall do as you please, and if you like to keep grand company, you shall have the means—you know I never grudge you any thing," said Ichabod, in kinder tones than he had hitherto used.

"Well, well—only don't call me blackey—I cannot bear it—go your own way—spend my money as you like—you never can be a gentleman—"

"Come, come, 'Thello, you and I may differ about the meaning of that word."

"Why—it was only yesterday—I saw you actually shake hands in the street with a little dirty lad, all rags and tatters, who was going off in a boat to his ship—with his smiles and the tears in your eyes I knew you had been throwing my money away upon him. If you did choose to give him a trifle, you need not have degraded yourself by shaking his nasty tarry paw."

"That poor boy, 'Thello, dear, reminded me of what I was myself twenty years ago, when my old friend up there (and Ichabod, with a tear in either eye, pointed to Captain Blowzy with his cheeroot,) picked me up all mud and dirt, and as ragged as a bird-bogle. Could I help giving him a trifle and shaking him by the hand? no, not if I had died for it."

"Ah—it's all very well—you never will be a gentleman, and spend your fortune, or rather mine, like other people would," said Mrs. Ironsides.

"Your fortune I never will spend upon any of my vagaries, 'Thello; but with what I made myself by hard work, and what my old friend up there left me, I shall do just as I please," said Ichabod, and he lighted a fresh cheroot.

"And that reminds me that to-morrow I shall set out on a journey into Dorsetshire. While I am gone you can invite all the gentility of the place, if you please, or amuse yourself with Kooney, the monkey, and the screeching birds—whichever is most agreeable to your fancy. I start at daybreak, to be in time for the coach."

"And what can you be going into Dorsetshire for, and without taking me with you?" asked Mrs. Ironsides, in dismay.

"To see the spot where I was born, and to inquire after an old friend," replied Ichabod. "Tom Farnell, the son of our curate of whom you have often heard me speak as my companion when I ran away from home and wanted to be a Robinson Crusoe or a Whittington; although I have not been cast away on a desert island, nor become rat-catcher to a prince, still I have done what I said I should—made my fortune; and I have got something else to do that I said I would do if I did make it—so I'm off to-morrow."

"Tom Farnell must have died years ago, or else he would have answered your letters long before now," said Mrs. Ironsides. "You've never heard a word from him."

"Nor he from me, perhaps; but there is nothing like seeking him in person. If once I get on his track, rely upon my running him down—when there are the means to back a willing spirit wonders may be done," said Ichabod.

"Lilly man to speak to massa," said Kooney.

In came a pensioner with a wooden leg, and began a long speech to thank

Ichabod for having saved his son from a gaol, by giving him enough money to pay a long doctor's bill. Ichabod jumped up, called him a great many hard names, and turned him out of the room, slipping a guinea into his hand as he did so, and bidding him drink his health.

"There, there," said his wife, "I knew how it was—but you never will be a gentleman—that money would have bought—"

"Nothing that would have caused me half the happiness I feel at this moment," said Ichabod.

At the break of day on the following morning, Ichabod took a boat, and was rowed up to Blackfriar's-bridge. One of the watermen took his small bag of clothes, and showed him to an inn, and what inn, think you reader? the *Boltin-Tun* in Fleet-street. The moment he entered the yard its appearance called to his mind the accident that had introduced him to his kind friend, Captain Blowzy. He looked into the little parlour where they had settled to sail together, and it seemed altogether unchanged. The same prints decorated its walls, the same carpet covered the floor, and the window looked as if it had not been cleaned since. A loaded waggon stood in the yard; and as Ichabod, to amuse himself until the coach was ready, strolled towards it, an aged man came out of a stable leading the shaft horses.

"Where are you bound to, my friend?" said Ichabod, looking searchingly into the man's face.

The man touched his hat, and replied, "to Zouthampton, your honour."

"Dangerous stones these, your horse had well nigh slipped and knocked me down," said Ichabod.

"Ay, I have zero money an accident in this yard in my day. I do recollect, though it be near twenty year since, a poor boy—"

"To whom you gave a ride in your waggon?"

"Yes sir; poor chap he had scarcely a shoe to his foot—he was knocked down by—"

"The pole of a hackney coach, and you dragged him out from beneath the horses' feet and rubbed him down—"

"Wi' a wispo' straw; but how does thee know that?" said the waggoner, starting.

"Because I am the man that was that boy," said Ichabod.

"Dang it, but I be glad to see thee, mortal glad, for I feared I had done wrong to let thee be 'ticed away and taken to sea wi' a man we' a pimply face."

"It was the best day's work, that accident, that could have happened to me, as I will convince you, if you will walk in here."

What occurred in the little parlour need not be told; let it suffice to say that when the waggoner came out, he drew his horny hand across his eyes, lifted the tail of his smock frock, and crammed something into his breeches' pocket, which crackled and crumpled like new bank notes.

"God bless your honour, and may'st thee vind thy friend," said the waggoner, as Ichabod mounted the box of the Poole coach.

It was a bright and brilliant day. Nature had on her new liveries and looked very smart in her green plushes. Ichabod smoked his cheroot, and felt very happy, too happy to talk to any body. As evening approached the sky became overcast, a few heavy drops fell, and the sound of thunder was heard in the distance; nearer and nearer it came, and just as the coach entered upon an extensive common, the horses were alarmed at the vivid flashes of lightning, and bolting off the hard road, galloped over the turf like mad animals, until from the unevenness of the ground the vehicle was overturned, and Ichabod found himself lying unhurt at the foot of an old thorn-bush, near which ran, or rather crawled, a muddy ditch. He knew the spot at once—it was the very place where he and his friend had rested on the first night of their running away, and where they had parted on the following morning. He hailed it as an omen, and his heart bounded with the hope of finding Tom Farnell.

His inquiries, however, in his native village were unsuccessful. The old publican recollected a boy named Ichabod Ironsides running away with the parson's son, and the parson's son coming home again almost starved and scarcely able to crawl. He remembered that his mother died through fright and fears for her son's safety, and that his father left the village soon after; but where they went, or what became of them he could not tell.

Ichabod inquired for his step father, and was not deeply grieved to hear that he was dead and buried. He called upon the clergyman, told him his history briefly, and left in his hand a sum of money which he begged of him to bestow on the poor of the village in the way he deemed best.

"What's to be done next?" said Ichabod, as he jumped into his post-chaise, amidst the gaping faces of the rustics, who had never seen so fine a vehicle before. "Never mind, I must do as I have hitherto done—trust to Providence—it is a trust in which I have never been deceived yet; but we can't expect help unless we do the best to help ourselves. I'll advertise for him in the county paper."

So when Ichabod got back to Poole, he ate his dinner, lighted up a fresh cheroot, and inquired his way to a stationer's shop. He was soon before its little window, in one of the panes of which he saw written, "Advertisements taken in here for the Dorset Chronicle."

"The very thing," said Ichabod, walking into the shop. He saw a pale-faced man seated at the desk near the window, and a little girl standing by his side, gazing up in his face, and crying silently as she did so. Two men were busied at the further end of the shop, in what Ichabod fancied was taking stock.

"Hilloh, my friend, rouse up. You take in advertisements for the county paper, don't you?"

"I did, sir, but—but I fear my agency is at an end," said the man sighing heavily.

"What's wrong then?" said Ichabod.

"Misfortunes, sir; losses, illness, and all that—but I need not trouble you with my troubles. As they have no other agents in Poole, I dare say I may still act for the proprietors of the *Chronicle* if your advertisement is of consequence."

"Ah, that it is, my man," said Ichabod, "so take up your pen and write as I dictate."

The man sighed still more deeply than before as he nibbed his pen and placed a sheet of paper before him.

"Now then," said Ichabod, "begin. Fifty pounds reward will be given to any one who will furnish the advertiser with the address of Thomas Farnell, the son of— What the duce ails the man! Why don't you write on, instead of staring at me?"

The man could not reply, but his child said "Pray don't be angry, sir, but father's name is Thomas Farnell."

"The son of the curate of—"

"Yes, sir, yes, and unless I am sadly deceived his former companion, Ichabod, stands before him."

"Hurrah!" shouted Ichabod, as he threw his hat up into the air and jumped over the counter to embrace his friend. "Here I am come to fulfil my promise; but what are those two loots staring at: what are they doing?"

"Taking an inventory of my goods, for I am ruined," sobbed Tom Farnell.

"Get out of this at once you sons of — or I'll kick you out. Here's a guinea a-piece to spend, send your rascally employer here and tell him to bring his bill with him. Get out. Don't expostulate, or hang me if I don't lose my temper," said Ichabod.

"Now they are gone, Tom shut the shop, come in doors with this little angel here, send out for a gallon of rum and some lemons, for I suppose the locker's empty, and tell me your history and listen to mine. Cheer up, man I went to seek my fortune and I have found it, and I told you at parting that half should be yours if I succeeded, so it shall. You are a great gun, Tom, a ten thousand pounder—so cheer up. Don't stare, man, it was all honestly come by, and will bring a blessing with it."

Tom Farnell told his history over a glass of his friend's concocting. His mother died soon after his return, of a fever brought on by agitation and alarm at his absence. His father was obliged to relinquish his curacy in consequence of his vicar's coming into residence, and accepted an appointment as chaplain in a line-of-battle ship on a foreign station, where he was killed by the climate. Tom, with one of his brothers, was taken into the orphan school, apprenticed to a stationer, and, after a time, set up in business for himself; but times went against him, his wife was always ill, doctor's bills and luxuries were expensive, and shortly after her death he was obliged to declare his insolvency. He was at the moment Ichabod arrived assisting the sheriff's officers in taking an inventory of his trifling stock previously to its being sold for the benefit of his creditors.

Ichabod told his adventures, sent for the lawyer who acted on behalf of the creditors, and gave him a check to cover the amount of all his friend's debts, which did not exceed three hundred pounds. He then insisted on their coming up to his inn and supping with him. After supper he drew a check upon his agents for 97000*l.*, and gave it to Tom Farnell, bidding him set up again in business after he had been up to London with him and been introduced to his Othello, who had brought him half as much again as he had bestowed upon his friend according to his promise.

Mrs. Ironsides received her husband and his friend very ungraciously. She said she knew he had been at some of his ungentlemanly tricks. Tom Farnell boldly told her what he had done for him.

"I knew it—he never will be a gentleman. He might have bought a mansion, and a carriage and horses, and—"

"Look you, Thello! my dear, such gewgaws might please some people, but I would rather have the delight of feeling that I have rescued a friend from misery than be possessed of all the fine houses and carriages in the world!"

"The man's an ass," said Mrs. Ironsides.

"Yes, and contented with a bundle of thistles," said Ichabod, as he embraced Tom cordially, and threw his hat at Captain Blowzy's portrait in the excess of his joy.

### THE LATE EXPLOSION.

*From the Courier & Enquirer.*

The cause of the calamitous Explosion which gave its irresistible destructiveness to the fire of the 19th instant, still continues to be eagerly sought for. Gunpowder, every body knows, does explode with fearful efficacy, and as it is not known generally that any other substance will under any probable combinations, explode in like manner, it seems the easiest thing in the world to resolve the late explosion at once into gunpowder.

A good deal of enquiry, over and above the asseveration of the very respectable parties in whose store the explosion took place, satisfies us that no gunpowder was present and that the explosion was occasioned by saltpetre.

We propose briefly to state some facts in support of this opinion. In the first place Messrs. Crocker & Warren declare that there was no gunpowder on their premises. That declaration coming from men of as high character as any others in the city, is *prima facie* evidence. A still stronger proof, to those who do not know them, will result from the consideration, that they had no dealings at any time in powder, and that they had at all times in their store very valuable goods on consignment, of which the insurance would have been vitiated by the receiving and storing of powder. Under such circumstances, with no dealings in the article, with no motive for, and every motive against admitting it into their store, it seems impossible to doubt that Messrs. Crocker & Warren are entitled to implicit reliance, when they say that there was no gunpowder on the premises.

But there was *Saltpetre*, an article which hitherto has been received on storage, with as little apprehension of danger therefrom as Salt, and there was *Shellac* an article almost as combustible as rosin, yet which also is commonly received in store, without distrust.

We presume, that the rapid combustion of this latter substance, aiding the slower combustion of saltpetre, and itself aided by the body of fire around, produced an intensity of heat which needed only the presence of water, thrown from the engines, or some other fluid, to produce explosion. That such has been the effect elsewhere, we show by the annexed letter which we find in the Boston Daily Advertiser of Monday. Mr. Henry Williams, of Boston having been informed that Mr. Hayes had been instituting some experiments on the combustion of saltpetre requested to know the result. Mr. Hayes thus replies.

*Roxbury Laboratory, 26th July, 1845.*

Henry Williams, Esq.:

Dear Sir—Your note of yesterday, in relation to the explosive action of saltpetre, has this moment come to hand. I most cheerfully comply with your request, in placing before you the facts connected with the subject of the action of saltpetre, on substances usually called combustible. Saltpetre or the nitrate of potash, or soda, alone does not burn, or explode by heat, however intense. It parts with one of its constituents, oxygen, by heat, and it is to the combination of its oxygen, with other bodies, that it owes its power of burning with them. Wood and fibrous substances do not burn with saltpetre, until they have become partially charred; they then produce *deflagration*, or burn with sparks.

A large quantity of saltpetre, enclosed in gunny bags as it is usually stored, after fire was communicated to it, would burn with the bags, emitting much smoke and sparks, precisely as paper, which has imbibed saltpetre, would. It would not be consumed; only the small quantity required to burn with the bags, would be changed. If an addition of burning wood, or charcoal were made, to the extent of one-fifth the weight of saltpetre, an intense and continu-

ed deflagration would result, and all the saltpetre would be changed. No explosion would follow, from applying fire to mixture of charcoal, or wood and saltpetre; the rapid combustion called deflagration would be produced but unlike explosion, time would be required for the mutual actions, and where the quantities were large, many hours would be necessary, before they would cease. The recent destruction of life and property, in New York; the loss of a homeward bound Indian and her cargo, by a similar cause, have created an anxiety which has led to many inquiries, respecting the origin of the explosions, attending the burning of saltpetre. I need not remind you of a case which occurred at Central wharf about ten years since, when the Hartford Packet was destroyed. The testimony obtained in the last instance, led me to make some experiments, on the effects produced by dropping water on a burning mixture of saltpetre and charcoal. It was ascertained that a very small weight of water, relatively to the saltpetre, caused explosions; which might be made successive, so long as the materials remained. The quantities of the substances acting, being increased to between one and two hundred pounds, the addition of water, in the form of spray, caused an explosion which destroyed the vessel and shook all the buildings in the vicinity. The temperature of a burning mixture of saltpetre and charcoal, at the points of contact, is superior to that of "white hot" iron, and the form is that of a bubbling fluid. Water falling on the mass, is instantly converted into steam, having the elastic force of that used in steam guns; exceeding gunpowder in destructive energy. The red hot particles, dispersed by the sudden action, pass over considerable spaces, and the appearance of flame is produced.

In cases where water falls on highly heated polished surfaces, such as melted glass, copper or silver, steam is formed rapidly, but silently; the water does not touch the hot surface. The spreading of a film, or crust, over the polished surface, instantly alters its relation to water, and causes steam to form with explosive violence, attended by a loud report. I do not hesitate in expressing my belief, that the disastrous effects produced in New York, were caused by water, or other fluid falling on saltpetre, while burning with the bags investing it. The facts which I have stated, may have interest or importance, in connexion with attempts made to extinguish fire in buildings, containing saltpetre. The danger of throwing water on the fire is manifest, while the loss to the owner of the saltpetre, would doubtless be greater from water than from fire.

Respectfully,

A. A. HAYES.

Here the opinion, it will be seen, is confidently expressed, that the explosion in New York, was caused "by water or other fluid falling on saltpetre while burning with the bags investing it."

In confirmation of this view that saltpetre when in a certain state of combustion approached by fluid, will cause explosion, we have the following particulars by Capt. Cutting of the ship *Virginia* which was burnt at sea on 5th May last.

This ship contained a cargo of linseed and saltpetre. In his letter published in the Newburyport Herald, the Captain says:

"In about 10 minutes from the time the fire was first discovered, the after hatch blew off, and at the same time the fire forced its way through the ship's side, on the starboard quarter, a short distance from the water line. In about 10 minutes from this time, the boats having been got out, the crew, feeling the deck rising, jumped into the sea, and succeeded in getting into the boats, cut the painters and shoved off. Almost at the same time an awful explosion took place, the fire rising to the height of 200 feet from the main and after hatches, and a few seconds afterwards from the fore hatch. At the same time the main and mizzen masts went by the board. Five minutes from this time the ship disappeared with all her cargo. In 25 or 30 minutes from the time the fire was first discovered, no trace of the ship was visible. All that was saved was two boats, chronometer, sextant and one compass."

But in our preceding disastrous fire in 1835—a like explosion took place from the same cause, which we relate at this moment, as just recalled to us by Mr. Wm. Whitlock, whom of course we need not introduce to any body in New York.

He states to us, that on the night of the fire in 1835 being occupied in his store No. 46 South street, with getting together his books and papers—not then making any effort to save the contents of the store, which was crammed with teas just landed from the ship *Paris*—he was suddenly startled by an explosion which was immediately followed by the crushing in of the roof and floors of the rear part of his store. On rushing out, he ascertained that the store of Joseph Howard & Sons, in Front street, in rear of his, had caught fire, and there being saltpetre stored in the garret, it had exploded, and blown off the roof bodily from Howard & Son's store, to that of Mr. Whitlock—which was partly crushed under it, and immediately the flames followed and completed the ruin.

We are further informed by M. H. Grinnell that being at that time with his partner, Mr. Minturn, and the clerks, busy in getting together their papers and books, and stowing them in ships' letter bags, with a view of their being sent to some place of security, they were shocked by this explosion, dropped their bags, and supposing the building was about to fall, rushed out. The store then occupied by Grinnell, Minturn & Co. was on the corner of Pine and Front st., about two blocks and a half from that of Howard & Sons.

This seems a case so fully in point as to leave no room for argument, or for difference of opinion.

We conclude therefore that saltpetre was the cause of the explosion, and in that belief we shall of course call upon the proper authorities to take order that henceforth, it—no more than gunpowder, shall be stored in the midst of the city.

### THE SPANISH RECIPROCITY TREATIES.

*From the Spectator.*

Spain's title to claim admission into this country for the sugars of her American possessions, does not appear so certain, when the whole tenour of the treaties is taken into consideration, as when isolated passages alone are presented to the attention. The treaty of 1814 merely declares, that, pending the negotiation of a treaty of commerce, Great Britain shall be admitted to trade with Spain upon the same conditions as previous to 1796. The treaties of 1783 and 1763 merely renew and confirm the previously existing treaties of 1667, 1713, and 1715. The last mentioned declares, that "the treaty of commerce made at Utrecht, on the 9th of December, 1713, shall remain in force; those articles excepted which shall appear to be contrary to what is concluded and signed this day, which shall be abolished and of no force." All rights conceded or obligations contracted in these treaties by Spain or Britain, must therefore be taken as modified by the terms of the treaty of 1715.

The treaty of 1715 declares (in the fifth article), that all British subjects "shall be used in Spain in the same manner as the most favoured nation," and that "the same shall be granted, observed, and permitted to the subjects of



Spain in the kingdoms of his Britannic Majesty;" (in the first article), that British subjects "shall not be obliged to pay higher or other duties for goods which they shall bring in or carry out of the several ports of his catholic majesty, than those which they paid for the same goods in the time of Charles II.;" and (in the fourth article), that "the said subjects shall not anywhere pay higher or other duties than those which his catholic majesty's subjects pay in the same place."

A state can claim no rights in virtue of a treaty, while it habitually violates the obligations imposed upon by that treaty. Spain cannot revive a treaty for her own advantage, after showing, by her actions for a long tract of years, that she considered the treaty as obsolete and of no validity.

Even though the treaty had been observed on both sides, it does not concede to Spain a right to have her produce admitted into this country on the same terms as the produce of favoured nations. The privileges reciprocally granted are personal to the subjects. If the treaty were still in force, all that Spanish subjects could demand under its stipulations would be permission to import (for example) the sugars of Cuba and Puerto Rico, paying the same rates of duty that British subjects pay on those sugars. In 1713 and 1715, the policy of protecting national industry by differential duties on produce had not assumed definite form; the privileges stipulated by governments for trading subjects attached exclusively to their persons. The distinction between personal privileges and exemptions for goods is expressly recognized in the declaration and counter-declaration appended to the treaty of 1783, and forming part of it.

In addition to this it may be remarked, that the treaty of 1715 expressly restricts the privileges conferred upon British subjects to old Spain: "the said subjects shall be used in Spain in the same manner as the most favoured nation." The limitation was almost superfluous; for as all foreigners were excluded from the trade of Spanish America, it would have been understood without any express stipulation. The treaty of 1814 renews the limitation—"Great Britain shall be admitted to trade with Spain." That treaty contains, moreover, evidence that the Spanish government did not understand that the mere opening of its American possessions to foreign commerce would entitle British subjects to claim there the rights attributed to them by the treaty of 1715. The fourth article of the treaty of 1814 declares, that "in the event of the commerce of the Spanish American possessions being opened to foreign nations, his catholic majesty promises that Great Britain shall be admitted to trade with those possessions as the most favoured nation." It is under this provision of the treaty of 1814—not in virtue of an extension of the stipulations of earlier treaties to the American possessions of Spain—that Great Britain is entitled to the privileges of the most favoured nation in Cuba and Puerto Rico. And the treaty of 1814 contains no counter-stipulation warranting Spain to claim for the produce of her American possessions admission into Great Britain on the terms of the most favoured nation.

Under ordinary circumstances it might be said that Britain, by accepting for her subjects the advantages promised by the treaty of 1814, became bound in honour to grant corresponding advantages to the subjects of Spain. But the relative positions of Spain and Britain in the Antilles render the present an exceptional case. Great Britain has abolished the slave trade, and emancipated the slaves in her sugar colonies. In the Spanish American possessions sugar is still produced by slave labour, and the slave-trade is still unsuppressed. Labour has, in consequence, become dear and scarce in the British West Indies, while in the Spanish it continues plentiful and cheap. And the Spanish planter enjoys this advantage over the British because Spain has not taken sufficient pains to carry into effect the treaty of 1817, by which his catholic majesty became bound "that the slave-trade should be abolished throughout the entire dominions of Spain on the 30th May, 1820;" and agreed to accept the sum of £400,000 sterling, as "a full compensation" for "the losses which are a necessary consequence of the abolition of that traffic."

Spain is understood to claim admission for her sugars into our markets upon the terms of existing treaties. The question raised, therefore, relates simply to the construction of treaties not to what may be for both parties the best national policy. It does not appear that Spain can establish a valid title to the privilege she claims by any treaties at present existing.

### Miscellaneous Articles.

#### DICK DAKER'S PARTICULAR IDEAS OF THINGS IN GENERAL.

Dick Daker is one of those easy-minded, Philosophical sort of men who believe that the world owes them a living; and, however strongly circumstances would seem to lead to an opposite conclusion, that she will not repudiate the debt. The world says she doesn't mean to, provided Dick, and those of his school, fulfil their part of the contract mutually, by implication at least, entered into between them. She reminds them that when anything is owing there is a presumption of something having been obtained; where anything is demanded as a right, it must be for some equivalent given. She tells them that that living which they claim shall be withheld from them until they, by their industrial exertions, render themselves entitled to it; and in this she justifies herself by all laws, moral and civil. All this they do not, or will not, understand; and not understanding it, they fail to comply with the terms which the world, in a spirit of equity, proposes; and hence they fail to obtain that living which, absurdly enough, they claim as a heritage or birthright. Standing, then, in the relation which they do towards the world, it may well be imagined that they—that is, the world and the Dick Daker philosophers—are not the best of friends.

As every party has its organ—from the Government of the United States to the Latter Day Saints and the dancing monks—the Dakerites, it may well be supposed, are not without so necessary an "accompaniment." Viewing Dick in such a light, we will let him speak for himself and for them through him.

About 11 o'clock last night Dick sat on one of the neat, green benches in Lafayette square. The night was calm and windless; there was not a breeze to shake from the green grass blades the crystal dew drops which nestled in their bosoms; the moon, not red or riotous, but looking chastely pale, seemed to be enjoying herself at a game of "hide and seek"—now concealed behind a dark blue cloud, now disported before a bright, amber one. All was stillness—not a sound was to be heard, save the clinking chirrup of the insects in the trees around the square, or the barking of some distant watch dog. The scene and doubtless its effect on Daker, for thus soliloquised he with himself:

"I'll be hanged," said Dick "if this ain't a beautiful world, after all; but, like a dandy's dicky, it aint what it seems—it's all collar and bosom—but when a feller comes to examine it, the material part is wanting—it aint got no body and sleeves. Now, I'd be as willin' to enjoy myself as any feller in existance, but cuss it, the world wont give me a fair shake for it—aint it too bad! I b'lieve with Joe Jewel, that the world owes every one a livin', I swear she owes it to me, and I'm blamed if she shall take the benefit of the bankrupt

law, either—cause she's got assets enough to meet all her engagements, if she'd only make a fair distribution of them. Why should John Jacob Astor and such folks have any privileged claims on her? I say again let her make a fair surrender of all she's got, and I'm willin' to sign her a certificate and give her a clear discharge from incumbrances. But just, I say again, look at the world—isn't it, I repeat, a beautiful world! If Texas, Oregon or California had never been attached, wouldn't it be still a splendid world! With them isn't it magnificent! and yet a feller can't get along unless he's a shaver or a speculator, or has an unlimited credit with assurance, and has, consequently, any stock of it on hand. If assurance honored my drafts I wouldn't care a fig for noboddy, 'cause I reck'n I'd been a member of Congress, or a missionary orator, or a temperance lecturer long ago; but she wouldn't, and here I am, Dick Daker, just as I commenced, as stationary as if I'd been a statue of misfortune, while all the world, 'cept those of my own school, are travellin' on to 'fortun' as quick as if they were so many locomotives. I wish some of them would find a motive for takin' me along; but no—they pass by without sayin' there you are, Dick." I tell you it's too bad. If I was an Archimedeon screw, or magnetic telegraph, or any of these here new inventions they'd soon interest themselves in my behalf—they'd take stock in me, and I'd be sure to rise—"

"Yes, and you'll be sure to rise in any case," said a watchman, who had been for some time, though unknown to the speaker, listening to Dick Daker's ethical abstractions. Sutting the action to the word, he made him rise from his seat, and accompany him to the Baronne street watch house.—*Picayune.*

#### THE "EUREKA."

An extraordinary piece of mechanism is now being exhibited at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, under this title. It is a machine for making Latin verses, the pulling of a small rope being all that is sufficient to construct a hexameter line, true as to scansion, and perfect as to sense. So curious an application of mechanical art has never before been submitted to the public eye, and the results are, in the first instance, so startling that they seem brought about by supernatural means—until the principle is understood upon which the structure is based, and then wonder gives place to respect and admiration for the inventor, by whose ingenuity and thoughtful perseverance such extraordinary consequences are realized. A Mr. Clarke of Bridgewater, is the gentleman who has spent fifteen years of his life in maturing this complex instrument. The idea is not a new one, the principle being the same as that upon which Mr. Babbage constructed his calculating machine; but it is the first time it has been made really practical. The apparatus is contained in a case resembling a small bureau. It would be difficult to describe it with any thing like clearness; and it must, therefore, be sufficient to say that it consists of a number of perpendicular rods, each rod marked with letters, which are synonymous with a progressive series of numbers. By the primary action of a fly-wheel (wound up at intervals) a promiscuous shifting is given to a species of kaleidoscope, upon which the figures appear, and as the principle of evolution is the principle at work, it is impossible that the same adjustment can occur a second time, even with the experience of millions of years. A rumbling noise in the inside indicates that the verse is what the inventor calls "conceived," by which it is understood that a number of little probes have come into motion, having immediate connection with the rods containing the equivalent letter. A range of narrow apertures, appearing about the middle of the case, shows the result. The rods pass slowly down, and each letter takes its proper station, and in less than a minute a complete hexameter is generated, faultless, as we have before hinted as to grammar and prosody. The poetry is limited to a particular form: the substantives and verbs are all of one aspect, and the dactyls and spondees are invariably found in the same place. The following are a few of the lines we saw manufactured; and it will be perceived that the rhythm, and of course the scansion, is akin in each instance—

Bellica facta domi preparentur tempora fusca,  
Aspera frena cito promittunt nubila musta,  
Impia sacra focus depremont fulgura mira.  
Lurida verba malis corradunt vincula dira.

Thousands upon thousands such lines as these has the machine already given birth to, and its future profusion is evidently inexhaustible. Sometimes the sense is obscure and feeble; but it always is sense; and every now and then there comes a phrase of remarkable force and sentimentousness. When a line has been declared, a pause ensues; presently the rods move upwards in proper order—all of one letter rising at the same moment, followed by the others next in rotation. When the rods are restored to their original places, the operation is at an end; but, on pulling the little rope again, a second "conception" is at work, and in a moment or two another verse stares you in the face! The principle is soon obvious to the spectator, but the unflinching accuracy with which the machine embodies it is really astonishing. It seems to have all the preternatural sagacity of an oracle.—*Morning Herald.*

**The Spread of Homoeopathy.**—A melancholy spectacle was last week presented at the Albion Tavern, Aldersgate Street, where no less than eighty unfortunate gentlemen, actuated by one common delusion, met together to hold what they called a festival in behalf of the Homoeopathy Association. The mania of homoeopathy has indeed come to a pretty spread! Poor Lord Wilton presided over these infatuated individuals, and unhappy Lord Robert Grosvenor supported him; hence a gloom will be cast for ever over Wilton Street, leading from Grosvenor Place.

Mr. Staples, the landlord, provided an excellent dinner for them, and the meeting wore the aspect of the most extreme conviviality; but it is painful to reflect on the state of mind concealed under this show of merriment. There is something appalling in the idea of the eighty gentlemen being gentlemen at large. There is no knowing what they may do; but, at all events, those who will spend money on homoeopathy ought not to be trusted with property. We hope Mr. Staples did not give them steel knives and forks; they ought only to have been allowed wooden spoons. Had we to entertain such a company, we should certainly apply their own principle of infinitesimal dilution to their liquors, out of consideration for their heads, whose infinitesimal brains a very little might upset. We would also have several barbers and a number of strong men in attendance, with a large assortment of strait-waistcoats ready. *Punch.*

**STEAM NAVIGATION.**—Messrs. James Hodgson and Co. have accepted contracts for building the first of a line of seven steamers to trade between this port and Rio Janeiro. The same concern is about to build a line of steamers for the New York trade of a thousand tons burthen. It is also said that a new company has lately been formed at Liverpool, and the whole of the capital subscribed, for the purpose of building a large and powerful steam vessel to sail between this port and New York. The steamer will be made of iron, of rather smaller dimensions than the Great Britain, and will be propelled by the screw.

## PUBLIC HOT-WATER BATHS IN CHINA.

In the town of Shanghai, as well as in many other large Chinese towns, there are a number of hot-water bathing establishments, which must be of great importance as regards the health and comfort of the natives. Let me describe one which I passed daily during my residence in Shanghai. There are two outer rooms used for undressing and dressing: the first and largest is for the poorer classes; the second for those who consider themselves more respectable, and who wish to be more private. As you enter the largest of these rooms a placard which is hung near the door informs you what the charges are, and a man stands there to receive the money on entrance. Arranged in rows down the middle and round the sides of both rooms are a number of small boxes or lockers, furnished with lock and key, into which the visitors put their clothes, and where they can make sure of them when they return from the bathing-room. The bathing-room is entered by a small door at the farthest end of the building, and is about thirty feet long and twenty wide; the bath occupying the whole space, except a narrow path round the sides are lined and covered with marble slabs, from which the bathers step into the water, and on which they sit and wash themselves: the furnace is placed on the outside of one of the ends, and the flues are carried through below the centre of the bath. The establishment in the afternoon and evening is crowded with visitors, and on entering the bath-room, the first impression is almost insupportable: the hot steam or vapour meets you at the door, filling the eyes, ears, and causing perspiration to run from every pore of the body: it almost darkens the place; and the Chinamen seen in this imperfect light, with their brown skins and long tails, sporting amongst the water, render the scene a most ludicrous one to an Englishman. Those visitors who use the common room pay only six copper cash; the other class pay eighteen; but they in addition have a cup of tea and a pipe of tobacco from the proprietors. I may mention that one hundred copper cash amount to about 4½ our money; so that the first class enjoy a hot-water bath for about one farthing and the other a bath, a private room, a cup of tea, and a pipe of tobacco, for something less than one penny.

## PEN AND INK FEERS

Sir Robert Peel is a modest man; all Prime Ministers are; it is the weakness of their station. Nevertheless, Sir Robert Peel is an especial victim to the official diffidence. He complains that Her Majesty has allowed Her by Her faithful Commons only £1,200 a year—half-a-handful of crumbs from the State table—for the literary and scientific Lazaruses in their feebleness and old age: £1,200 a year, a sum which, no doubt, in its insignificance is conducive of much distress to the royal mind,—and yet, Sir Robert Peel will not ask Parliament for an additional grant. If a young Princess is to be married, that she may enrich a pauper prince of royal German blood,—Sir Robert Peel puts on the face of an unabashed mendicant, and boldly asks for thousands per annum. He asks, and has. He can speak out for a Princess Augusta of Cambridge, but Minerva herself might wither in a garret, with the regret of the Minister that Her Majesty had only “£1,200 a year” for every branch of knowledge. Wherefore, then, does not Sir Robert pluck up his courage, and ask for an additional thousand or two in the name of the humanities?

But literary and scientific men need not aim: they want no pensions. What they demand, and what sooner or later they will have, is a just recognition of their great claims on the consideration and gratitude of government. When a man of literary genius dies—a man who has enriched the world with immortal thoughts—with wealth imperishable—it is thought a mighty piece of benevolence on the part of a Minister if he bestows some fifty pounds on the dead man's family. Foolish, superficial folks, cry “what magnanimity!” Yes; this is deemed on the part of a Minister a humane and graceful mode of acknowledging the claims of genius. France, Prussia, and America, might teach us better. They invest their literary man with state distinction: they clothe him with office, as the noblest representative of national greatness. In England, the literary man is a creature disowned by the State; never permitted to come within the doors of the Palace, lest, we presume, the footmen should catch literature as children catch measles. He is considered by the English aristocracy as a clever kind of vagabond—a better sort of Ramo Samee, to amuse by books, instead of knives and balls. Had Washington Irving been born an Englishman, he had never, even as a diner-out, seen the inside of St. James's. He is an American author, and, therefore, is he Ambassador at Madrid. What a wide, monstrous look of contempt would aristocracy put on if it were proposed to send Charles Dickens, Esq., as Ambassador to Florence! How would Londonderrys have stared if the late Thomas Hood had been gazetted Minister Plenipotentiary at Washington! Hood himself—it would have been thought—had never written anything so droll! But Hood dies in penury, and it is a fine thing—a gracious act—for the English Prime Minister to bestow fifty pounds upon those the man of genius leaves behind! English Ministers can only play the Mæcenæus over a man's coffin. Why do they not reward him with dignified employment when alive?

Having alluded to Hood, we may here express our delight that the subscription set a-foot for those who were dear to him, has been nobly contributed to by Manchester. The stout-hearted men of Birmingham and other places, will, of course, follow the goodly example. Punch.

## SALE OF THE NAPOLEON MUSEUM.

In a few days the rare and valuable paintings belonging to the late Joseph Bonaparte, ex-King of Spain, and brother of Napoleon, are to be sold at public auction, at his seat in Brompton, N. J. The London Times gives the following account of the sale, in the same manner, in that city, of a collection of curious and valuable relics of the Emperor, called the Napoleon Museum, collected at a very great expense by Mr. Sainsbury.

FIRST DAY.—Yesterday the sale of the first portion of the collection known as the Napoleon Museum, was commenced by Messrs Christie and Manson, at the Egyptian hall, Piccadilly. This portion comprises the pictures, drawings, prints, miniatures, enameled medals, marbles, bronzes, orders, and relics relating to Napoleon, and collected at an immense expense by Mr. Sainsbury the proprietor. Mr. Christie, the auctioneer, said, that although Mr. Sainsbury had expended literally a fortune in getting this important and interesting collection together, there was no reservation. The sale of this portion will last four days. Yesterday the number of lots disposed of was 113, but the prices they fetched were about one-fourth their real value. Among the bronzes an infantine bust of the King of Rome, by Jeannet, formerly in the possession of Josephine at Malmaison, for which Mr. Sainsbury gave 20 guineas, was knocked down for 11 10s. There were several relics of the Emperor disposed of,—among which the following deserve notice:—Two armorial shields from

the Privy Council-chamber at St. Cloud, fetched 4l. 6s.; part of the panel of the Emperor's state carriage, with the Imperial arms, 1l. 8s.;—a flagstaff, with the Imperial Eagle grasping a thunderbolt, 30s.; this cost Mr. Sainsbury 12 guineas;—Mr. Hamlet's sale some years since. The original eagle belonging to the Imperial Guard and used at the Adieu de Fontainebleau, 3l. 17s. This was also bought at Mr. Hamlet's sale at a cost of 15 guineas. A silver plate with the Imperial arms on the border, used by Napoleon at St. Helena, and brought from there by Count de las Cases, 5l. Among the miniatures, a fine one of Napoleon in the uniform of the National Guard, painted by Holmes for the late Duke of Sussex, and bought at the sale of his collection for 12 guineas, only fetched 5l. Of the drawings, one by Debret in sepia of Napoleon visiting the wounded on the field after the battle of Eylau, sold for five guineas. The pictures illustrative of the principal events in the life of Bonaparte were almost given away, the highest price obtained being 12l. for one by the great French painter David, of Napoleon, with the crown raised in his hands to place on the head of Josephine in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. In addition to the above, there were sold 20 beautiful enamels by Lienard, of Napoleon, Marshal Ney, Berthier, Junot, Joseph Bonaparte, Lucien, Louis, and Jerome Bonaparte, Murat, Caroline, youngest sister of Napoleon, Cardinal Fesch, Marie Louise, &c., which cost Mr. Sainsbury 400 guineas, the amount they realized being but 76l. Among the orders sold, one of the Order of the Iron Crown of Italy, presented by Napoleon to Marshal Ney, sold for 2l. 4s.; and one of the Reunion presented by the Emperor to Murat sold for 5l. 15s. The day's sale realized between 200l. and 300l.

SECOND DAY.—Yesterday the sale of this collection was resumed at the Egyptian hall, Piccadilly, and was much better attended than on the preceding day, and the prices the different lots fetched were rather better, but much below the sums paid for them by the proprietor, Mr. Sainsbury. The following are a few of the most interesting lots disposed of yesterday worthy of notice:—The sale commenced with the disposal of some bronzes, one of which, Napoleon seated at the table, planning the battle of Austerlitz, modelled by Baron Denon, sold for 14 guineas and a half. Among the drawings, one by Gobaud of Napoleon seated during the hundred days, fetched 10l. There were 20 miniatures, principally of Napoleon in various costumes, sold. Of these, “the Emperor in his robes,” a beautiful copy in caligraphy, by Maestro, from Roland's statue, the writing forming the figure being a copy of Napoleon's will, fetched 28 13s. 6d. A small bust of Napoleon, after Andrieu beautifully executed in caligraphy by Maestro, the writing containing an account of the battle of Waterloo, from *Napoleon's History of Napoleon*, 24 12s. Some of the “relics” sold yesterday were remarkably curious, as the following selection will show:—The bottle from which Napoleon poured his wine at breakfast at Philippeville the morning after the battle of Waterloo, sold for 22 14s. It is a common “black bottle,” with the letter “N,” surmounted by the Imperial crown, blown on it. A liquor bottle of cocoa nut, covered with military devices, from which Bonaparte drank during his Egyptian campaign, sold for 24 10s. The crown worn by Napoleon during the hundred days, and sent by him to his son at Vienna, who wore it till his death, fetched 23 5s. This interesting relic, which is of orange colored watered silk, edged with green, was obtained from M. Gobaud, who had it given him by the Emperor Francis, on the completion of his picture of the death of the Duke of Reichstadt. The following lot to this, enclosed in a small box, containing one of Napoleon's silk stockings worn by him at St. Helena, a small piece of the druggist of his room, a piece of the papering of a room in which he died, a piece of the fringe of his pall, also a piece of his coffin taken up in 1840, presented to the proprietor by the Baron de las Cases; also a leaf of the oak tree that grew near his grave, and a sprig of the immortelle from the Emperor's grave, also a portion of his hair in a gold locker, and the ribbon used for the three orders from the Emperor's uniform coat—sold for 25 7s. 6d. A finely carved bust of George III. in bloodstone, sculptured by Pistrucce, for Queen Charlotte, and presented to the late Duke of York on the day the King completed the 50th year of his reign—4 guineas. The 12 enamels sold yesterday fetched 250, and consisted of portraits of Pascal, Paul Paul Barras, Cambaceres (second consul) Le Brun (third consul) M. Larrey (Napoleon's chief surgeon) M. Combaud (his chief physician), Marshal Mortier (who was shot by Fieschi, Pius VII., Generals Kleber, Desaix, and Duroc, and Marshal Lannes. There were 17 pictures sold illustrative of the principal epochs in the life of the Emperor, but the prices they fetched were very low. The sale of this portion will be concluded to-morrow.

THIRD DAY.—Yesterday the sale of this collection was resumed by Messrs. Christie and Manson, at the Egyptian hall, Piccadilly. Among the numerous lots sold, the following were deserving of notice from their interesting character:—The large decoration of the order of the Legion of Honor, presented by the Emperor to Murat, sold for 13 guineas. The Sicilian Order of the largest size, worn by Joseph Bonaparte, King of Naples, sold for 13 guineas. The large Gold Order of the Dutch Lion, instituted by Louis Bonaparte, and by him presented to Joseph, King of Spain, from whose carriage it was taken after the battle of Vittoria, sold for 14 guineas and a half. A collection of 60 original drawings by Duplessis Bertheaux, illustrative of the principal events in the French revolution, designed for the *Tableaux Historiques de la Revolution Française*, sold for 25 guineas. Of the miniatures, one of Jerome Bonaparte, King of Westphalia, by Isabey, fetched 27 10s. A beautiful miniature by Holmes of Lord Nelson, from a drawing made on board the Victory on the morning of the battle of Trafalgar, fetched 25. A beautiful miniature of Madame Mere (Napoleon's mother), painted at Corsica on the lid of a snuff box the property of Napoleon's father, sold for 24. The enamels sold yesterday very fine. A small one of Napoleon by Isabey fetched 12 guineas. A volume containing 387 prints, caricatures, and handbills, relating to the French Revolution, &c., fetched 20 guineas. A volume containing 571 portraits and prints, comprising numerous portraits of Napoleon and other eminent persons of the different nations of Europe, sold for 22s. A volume, most interesting, 205 prints of battles and sieges, from the siege of Toulon to Waterloo, 24 guineas. A large collection of vignettes, cartouches, fleurons, and tail-pieces, cut from official letters and documents (this collection, chronologically arranged from the time of Louis XIV. to Louis Philippe, comprises about 1,400 plates, many of them highly interesting) 21 guineas. A volume containing cuttings from many thousand newspapers, from 1789 until the Emperor's death in 1821, sold for 25 10s. Another volume, containing 300 portraits and prints, there being in it no fewer than 145 portraits of Napoleon, sold for 11 guineas and a half. The whole of the above were most interesting lots. The day's sale concluded by the disposal of some pictures by Gobaud, D. Deighton, A. Grat. Collett, Steaber, &c.; but they were not of such interest as to deserve particular notice. The sale of this portion finally closes this day.

FOURTH DAY.—Yesterday the sale of this (the first portion) most interesting collection was brought to a close. The lots sold yesterday were of a very



beautiful character, and the prices, as the following selections will show, realised, were very good. Among the "relics," a very interesting one composed of a fine drawing of an eagle holding a scroll, in which are fastened portions of Napoleon's hair and his son's, suspended from three ribbons worn by the Emperor, of the legion of honor, the iron crown, and the reunion, sold for 55 guineas. M. Marchand, executor of Napoleon, is certified to this on the scroll under the hair, which is enclosed in a gold locket and sealed. A cameo head of Napoleon in onyx, surrounded by brilliants, and formerly belonging to Josephine, sold for £18 10s. Among the gems are a very costly and beautiful snuff box, made of Egyptian agate, taken from the earth by Murat, just after the battle of the Pyramids, mounted in gold, with a fine cameo head of Murat mounted on the lid. This was the box which Murat presented to Napoleon, at his request, on the day of his marriage, to the First Consul's youngest sister Caroline—15 guineas. A beautiful miniature of Josephine, by Isabey on a gold-mounted snuff box, made by Bismas, to Napoleon's order, forwarded to Egypt from Madame Bonaparte to Napoleon, by his favourite General Desaix—19 guineas. A sarcophagus of pure gold, containing a figure of Napoleon in gold. On the sides are recorded his last words, "*Mon fils, tete d'armee, France,*" and on the top is a vase as the depository of his heart, within it is some of Napoleon's hair. This beautiful little *bijou* was formerly the property of the Countess Bertrand, who wore it as a bracelet. It is now placed on a piece of the rock which formed his tomb at St. Helena with a piece of the willow over it, and is enclosed in a crystal case—It sold for 19 guineas. A beautiful cameo head of Napoleon, by Canova, taken from Antomarchi's case in 1816, for the Duke of Sussex—18 guineas. The enamels and miniatures sold yesterday were of the most exquisite character, and fetched much higher prices than on any of the preceding days. Four lots, consisting of four volumes of engravings formed to illustrate the epoch of Napoleon, and containing 705 portraits and prints, fetched 214 guineas. The marbles were very beautiful, among which one, a magnificent heroic laureated bust of Napoleon, of the finest Carrara marble, by Giuseppe Rocchi, the face being modeled by Canova, sold for 57 guineas. A small bust of Napoleon as First Consul, by Canova, 35 guineas. The last lot, relating to the trial of Queen Caroline, with 282 Peers' autograph orders for admission, with their seals, to the House of Lords during the trial, three autograph letters of Queen Caroline, two of them being addressed to Lord Brougham (then her attorney-general), and a number of portraits of the Queen Caroline, George IV., William IV. &c, sold for 17 guineas. The sale of this portion has realized upwards of £1,500. The next portion will consist of the extraordinary collection of printed books illustrating the history of Europe from 1641 to 1821.

DIED.—On the Evening of the 30th July, HENRY WILKINS, son of Thos. Knock, aged 5 years and 10 months.

## THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1845.

### NEW PRESENTATION PLATE.

We are proud to announce to our Subscribers and the Public, a superb Plate, executed in the most masterly style of Engraving, which we received a few weeks since from the hands of the artist, and from which we are now having a sufficient number of copies taken off to supply our subscribers.

Some time ago we stated that we had a splendid and interesting subject in hand, designed to represent the *only* incident that ever took place between two of the greatest heroes of modern times,—WELLINGTON AND NELSON;—and we hazard nothing in saying that this magnificent Engraving will far surpass anything of the kind that has yet been issued to embellish or illustrate a weekly Journal. The artist is proceeding in his task with sedulous industry; but to do the work the justice we desire and intend, will take up rather more time than was originally anticipated.

In the meantime, however, as will be observed by the announcement above, we have not been unmindful of the interests of our subscribers; and the magnificent plate which we are now issuing has been many months in hand, under our anxious inspection and care. The subject of this engraving is

### SIR WALTER SCOTT,

#### IN HIS STUDY AT ABBOTSFORD.

The original painting is by William Allan, R.A., a friend and favorite of that distinguished man, and the original picture is in the possession of Robert Naysmith, Esq., F.R.C.S., the engraving is a perfect *fac simile* of the original plate, put forth at Edinburgh, and is executed in the best and most finished line manner from the burin of Mr. Dick, of this city, who has really wrought upon his subject *con amore*.

SIR WALTER is represented seated in his Study at Abbotsford, reading the Proclamation which was issued Mary, Queen of Scots, previous to her marriage with Henry, Lord Darnley. The "Still Life" of the picture is painted from the original at Abbotsford. The *Vase* on the table is the gift of Lord Byron; the *Keys* hanging by the window are those of "The Heart of Mid Lothian, or The Old Tolbooth of Edinburgh," which Scott so finely celebrated in his Second Series of "The Tales of my Landlord," the *Sword* suspended from the book-case was that of the Marquis of Montrose, that celebrated leader who is immortalized by Scott in the Third Series of the said Tales, in the "Legend of Montrose;" and the *Rifle* surmounting the various articles hanging over the mantel-piece belonged to Spechbacher, the Tyrolean patriot, whose name is perhaps remembered in the beautiful Opera of "Amilie," by Rooke. Near the book-case hangs an ancient *Border Bugle*, an instrument much used during the times of the Border feuds; the *Travelling Flask* of James VI., and the *Sporan* or Purse of the celebrated Outlaw, Rob Roy McGregor, the favourite hero of Scott. Behind the bust of Shakespeare is Rob Roy's *Long Gun*; above which is a *pistol* which belonged to Claverhouse, of notable memory, afterwards Viscount of Dundee, and whom Scott has greatly celebrated in his "Old Mortality;" below this pistol there are a pair formerly the property of Napoleon.

The Stag-hound lying at Sir Walter's feet is *Maida*, his old favourite, at whose death, Scott writing a Latin epitaph made a false quantity, which was much cut up by the critics of the day; the *Hour Glass* belonged to Kirkton, author of the "History of the Church of Scotland;" the *Great Highland Broadsword* hanging below the *Shield*, was presented to Sir Walter by the Celtic Society, and the *Walking Stick* of Sir Walter, resting against the chimney-piece, was presented to, and is now in the possession of the Painter, William Allan, R.A. Such is the fine subject we have now to present to our friends.

A correspondent in Canada inquires whether our "WELLINGTON AND NELSON," now in progress, are not the old plates which have already been given by a contemporary. We would state for the information of all, that our Plate is one which *has never been produced* in this country; a portion of it, not amounting to half the composition, has indeed been given, but so as to mutilate the general effect, for it is only of one of these distinguished men, and the interest is altogether lost by isolating it from its great companion, and by destroying the artist's original idea.

\* \* Since penning the above, our attention has been called to a paragraph in the Albion of last week, announcing that the proprietor of that Journal has a Portrait of "Sir Walter Scott, in his Study at Abbotsford," in course of engraving, intended for presentation to his Subscribers. It is certainly not a little gratifying to our vanity that such a veteran of the Press should find it to his interest to trust to our judgment rather than his own, and thus follow in our footsteps. We most assuredly do not mean to blame him for taking all lawful means for recruiting that "Army," which he stated a short time since was "decaying from deaths and desertions," and if he thinks our next subject (NELSON AND WELLINGTON) would be of any use to him in stopping that "desertion" why let him make use of it by all means. Though gentlemen might deem it unhandsome thus to poach on other people's preserves, yet we desire that our contemporary will throw aside all qualms in the matter and freely help himself to any of our ideas that may suit his turn.

We learn from Washington that negotiations for a settlement of the Oregon question have been renewed between Mr. Pakenham and Mr. Buchanan, but in what spirit or with what hopes of an amicable result is at present unknown; the "Washington Letter-writers" to the "contrary notwithstanding."

News arrived here on Monday last that the annexation of Texas to the U. States had received the sanction (unanimous all but one voice) of the National Convention. This convention adopted a decree by which the Texian government is authorized to accept annexation on the conditions stipulated by the Congress of the United States.

In the meanwhile American troops to the amount of two or three thousand men, are pouring into Texas, says the Galveston Journals, to keep in check the few hundred Mexican soldiers who are spread along its frontier, and also for the purpose of intimidating the Indians. Pacific anticipations have very little for alarm in those movements.

The *Courier des Etats-Unis*, the organ of the French population of the U. States, published a story, which has found its way into the columns of most of our contemporaries, and caused no little speculation, the point of which was that Queen Victoria would not visit Paris with Prince Albert for fear her husband should fall a victim to the seductive charms of the ladies of the French court and capital. This story is of course ridiculously untrue, and yet it has been copied and commented upon as one founded on the most unquestionable facts. We refer to it merely for the purpose of opening people's eyes to its stupidity.

PENNSYLVANIA INTEREST.—Mr. Snowden, the Treasurer of the State of Pennsylvania, has given official notice that the interest on the State Debt will be paid on the 1st of August, at the Pennsylvania Bank, Philadelphia.

### The Drama.

PARK THEATRE.—FRENCH OPERA.—"La Juive" has decidedly made a hit. This beautiful opera has been performed during the two last weeks and at every night the success was more complete and general. M. Arnaud gains each day in public favour and it is but justice: he is really capital in the part of Eleazar, both as a singer and actor. The only fault we can find with him is the slow movement which he gives to the last part of his grand air. The words *Dieu m' eclaire*, etc. must be sung with animation and a kind of a prophetic accent; it is not at all a mere *cantabile* of a French romance. We have already expressed our opinion about the other singers, the beauty and perfection of the chorusses and orchestra. As to the splendour and magnificent style in which this Opera has been got up, it will certainly become proverbial in our city.—We are happy to say that Halevy's music and the Jewish spectacle have drawn crowded houses to this well deserving Opera.

On Monday next, it is said, "Les Huguenots" will be produced for the 1st time. We doubt not that Meyerbeer's chef-d'œuvre will be as successful as Halevy's master piece. In this opera, too, scenery, dresses and spectacle are truly magnificent, and the music is far superior to the melodies of "La Juive." In our notice on Meyerbeer, we have pointed out some of the principal gems of the scores and expressed our admiration for the 4th act of that gigantic production. We specially recommend to our readers the duo and septuor of the 3d act, and the choral and grand trio in the fifth. Although we do not admire much the first two acts, we are sure amateurs will listen to them with satisfaction. Here is the cast of this grand effort both in Paris, when it was performed for the 1st time on the 29th of February 1836, and in New York, as it will be sung by the French company:

Marguerite de Valois,  
Saint Bris,  
Valentine,  
Nevers,  
Raoul de Nangis,  
Marcel,  
Urbain,

Mdme. Dorus,  
Serda,  
Mlle C. Falcon,  
Dérivis,  
Ad. Nourrit,  
Levasseur,  
Mlle. Flécheux,

Mdme. Casini,  
Bernard,  
Mlle. Calvé,  
Garry,  
Arnaud,  
Douvry,  
Mdme. Stephen.

Every one is aware that the plot of this Drama is highly interesting and puts in sight of the spectators the awful and ever detestable massacre of the St. Bartholomew.

**NIBLO'S GARDEN.**—Mr. Henry Placide commenced a brief engagement here on Monday last, in the touching domestic drama of "Grandfather Whitehead," his personation of which role is most artist like and as near perfection as it is possible for any human effort to be. Mr. Chippendale undertook a part somewhat out of his line,—versatile as that sterling actor makes it—that of Bob Lincoln. The drama was otherwise tolerably well done and the audience drawn to see it were highly respectable. Mr. Placide has also appeared here in a number of his most laughable parts in farces &c. aided by his brother Mr. Thomas Placide, who on these occasions played with unusual earnestness and effectiveness.

The Bowery has been rebuilt, and it is so nearly finished that it is advertised to open on Monday next with a spectacle or scenic drama called "Beauty and the Beast." The new house is a great improvement upon the old one, which did not offer very great comfort to the audience. Its form of shape was bad and the seats were little better than so many high rails. The new house has changed all this; its form will enable the spectator in any part of it to see the entire stage, and the seats are of comfortable construction. The theatre opens under the management of Mr. Jackson, who was Mr. Hamblin's stage manager at the time of the destruction of the old house.

### Literary Notices.

**WANDERING JEW.**—No. 15.—Harper's edition is now ready, price reduced to three cents a number; apart from the extreme cheapness of this extraordinary production, its thrilling interest and power are alone sufficient to arrest universal attention.

**PRaise AND PRINCIPLE, OR FOR WHAT SHALL I LIVE?** is the significant title of a new and ingeniously constructed tale, inculcating high moral lessons; it is by the author of "Conquest and Self-Conquest"—a work that was well received some months since. We recommend the present volume to the domestic circle. It is published by the Harpers.

**BREACH OF PROMISE.**—Harper & Brothers have just issued a work under this head: it is by the author of "The Jilt,"—the very counterpart, as far as the name is concerned. The story is well managed, although it seems rather wanting in the plot: yet there are scenes of rich humour distributed throughout the narrative, and taken as a whole, the reader will be amply rewarded by its perusal. The same publishers have also sent us, Part 7 of 8 of the **ENCYCLOPEDIA OF DOMESTIC ECONOMY**—a work replete with the most valuable information for families; it should be taken by every housekeeper.

**THE PICTORIAL BIBLE** published by the Harpers has reached its 33d number—the finely executed type and embellishments render this edition of the Bible worthy a place in every family circle throughout the land.

**LOUISA MILDON.**—By the author of "Two Old Men's Tales."—Harper's have this day issued, price only one shilling, a new edition of this well-known tale, which originally created such notoriety.

**HARPER'S ILLUSTRATED SHAKESPEARE**, No. 59 & 60, are also published—the engravings are large and beautiful—we think this the richest issue yet given of this glorious edition.

**EVELYN OR A HEART UNMASKED.**—By Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt.—Philadelphia: Zeiber & Co.—New York: Burgess, Stringer, & Co.—We have not had leisure to look into this work with the care due to a person whose reputation for literature and professional art is at present so largely blazoned abroad; but we take it for granted that its merit entitles it to a wide perusal.

**HARPER'S EDITION OF THE WANDERING JEW**, No. 14, is just issued, as usual very full of stirring interest and excitement. The same publishers have also published No. 32 of their superb edition of the Bible, garnished as it has ever been with a rich gallery of artistic gems. Who among our friends would allow so fine an opportunity to pass without availing themselves of the advantages of possessing so valuable a specimen of bibliography, at so small a cost?

**THE FORTUNE HUNTER.**—Win. Taylor, 2 Astor House. We have not found time to examine this work, but as it is neatly put forth, and is by the author of Fashion, we presume it will have an extensive sale.

**BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE**, for July.—Leonard Scott & Co.—This is a good number, containing a very interesting article on Marlborough, which we have transferred to our columns; another number of North's Specimens of the British Critics, and also a continuation of the Confessions of an English Opium Eater. It is got up as usual, with neatness and accuracy.

**TREASURY OF HISTORY.**—Daniel Adee, 107 Fulton street.—Part 7 of this capital work is just issued. It concludes British History, bringing events down from 1776 to the present time. It contains a narrative of Napoleon's career, the operations of the British in India, China, and elsewhere, and also a part of the History of Ireland.

### ARRIVAL OF THE CAMBRIA.

The royal mail steamer Cambria arrived at Boston on Wednesday evening, having made the passage from Liverpool to Halifax in about nine days, and to Boston in eleven days and nine hours—the shortest passage on record.

Mr. Fitzroy Kelley has been appointed Solicitor General, to fill the vacancy caused by the promotion of Sir F. Thesiger to the Attorney Generalship.

The American Provision market is in a stagnant state, owing to the reduction of the stocks and the absence of imports.

Money in the British metropolis is plentiful, and the rate of discount is low. The share market and the public securities are in a confiding and healthy state.

Parliament is about closing its session, and the Queen arranging for a continental tour.

The crops were somewhat uncertain, owing to the state of the weather.

The demand for cotton is large, but the requirements are for the legitimate purposes of trade. The spinners keep themselves well supplied, the principal inducement to which is the low price of the staple.—Great as the stock in hand is, it is giving way under the regular demand, and heavy as is the new crop, the current business promises to swallow it up in due course. Speculators are not inactive.

The demand for export is large, and under these combined causes, American has advanced 1-8 per lb. Brazil is also 1-2 better, while in Pernam and Egyptian there has been a good deal doing.

Major-General Ready, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Isle of Man, and son in law to Sir John Tobin, of this town, died on Thursday morning, in the 73d year of his age, under circumstances unusually afflicting. His excellency has long suffered from ill health, and was in the habit of having draughts frequently administered internally and embrocations applied externally. Medicines were consequently frequently lying about his bedroom. On Thursday morning there were placed side by side, a bottle containing morphine, and another atropine. The difference in the bottles not being well known, and no distinctive mark of "poison" being affixed, the deadly potion, atropine, was unfortunately administered by mistake. Death ensued almost immediately. The deceased gentleman was appointed Governor of the island in December, His excellency was aid-de-camp to the Duke of Richmond, while that nobleman was Governor of Lower Canada, and, subsequently, for some years held the appointment of Governor of Prince Edward's Island.

**THE QUARTER'S REVENUE.**—The revenue returns for the year and quarter ended the 5th instant have just been published. They exhibit a considerable decrease on the quarter in the customs and excise department occasioned by reductions of duties, but not to any thing like the amount calculated by Sir R. Peel. The total amount of decrease is £519,595, namely £369,687 for the customs, by Sir R. Peel at £603,000, and for the excise, in which Sir Robert expected a falling off of £223,000 on a quarter, a decrease of £149,908.

On the year there is an increase of £847,178, on the quarter a decrease of £739,847. The post office has increased £47,000 on the year, while the quarter's return is identical with that of 1844, exhibiting neither increase nor decrease. In the account for the consolidated fund there appears the satisfactory item of an application of £1,585,609 to the sinking fund, against £523,867 in the corresponding quarter of 1844; and the probable amount of exchequer bills required to meet the charge on that fund for the quarter just ended is only £2,254,433.

The Orange processions of the 12th of July in Ireland had been attended by riots; in one instance, at Armagh, resulting in the loss of one life and the wounding of several persons. The Liverpool News Letter says:—

It appears from all accounts, and even from the admission of Mr. O'Connell, that in the actual collision the Orangemen only acted as all men, under the circumstances, would have done. The conduct of the Roman Catholics in being the aggressors was, Mr. O'Connell declares, such as to disentitle them to "any sympathy or support from the repealers."

The proceedings in Parliament had been chiefly of a local kind. Some points, however, are worth noting.

In the House of Lords, on the 3rd inst., the Earl of Aberdeen laid on the table a bill to give effect to the convention lately entered into between this country and Brazil for suppression of the slave trade, which was read a first time, and ordered to be read a second time on Monday.

On the 6th his lordship entered into a history of the treaty with Brazil, concluded in 1826, for the suppression of the slave trade, which has recently expired, and with it the powers granted to the mixed commission for the trial of the parties engaged in the trade, and the disposal of vessels and cargoes seized. The first clause of that treaty, declaring the slave trade carried on by Brazilian subjects to be piracy, was, his lordship contended, in full force, and Her Majesty had power to seize all Brazilian subjects engaged in the slave trade; and he moved the second reading of the bill, giving the Court of Admiralty that power of adjudication which by the treaty was given to the mixed commission to the exclusion of the Court of Admiralty.

His lordship stated that, with rare exceptions, the treaty had been systematically violated by the Brazilian Government from the period of its conclusion down to the present time. Cargoes of slaves had been landed in open day in the streets of the capital, and bought and sold like cattle, without any obstacle whatsoever being imposed upon the traffic (Hear, hear.) Our officers have been waylaid, maltreated, and even assassinated while in the execution of their duty; and justice, in such cases, if not actually denied, had never been fairly granted.

The motion was agreed to.

On the following evening, in the House of Commons, Sir Robert Peel stated that the number of American vessels searched since the conclusion of the treaty of Washington had been very considerable, and that the utmost cordiality and good feeling existed between the American squadron on the coast of Africa and our own. (Hear, hear.)

**JOBBING IN RAILWAY SHARES.**—The select committee appointed to inquire into the charges made by the South Eastern railway company have made their report.

"Captain Boldero has incurred the animadversion of the committee for having trafficked largely in the railway shares, though Mr. Hignett, solicitor to the Board of Ordnance, who had no authority whatever to act on the part of the board, as represented by him in his letters to the railway authorities.

"The committee also report that it had come to their knowledge that Mr. Bonham, in 1836, being then a member of the House of Commons, had 100 South Eastern Railway shares allotted to him, which he sold at £3 per share premium.

"The committee lastly reprobate the conduct of Mr. Wray, of the South Eastern railway, in connection with some of the transactions impugned; and strongly condemn the system of canvassing members and public boards practised by railway companies."

The Times also says that disagreeable revelations contained in the report of the committee have rendered it imperative on Captain Boldero and Mr. Bonham to resign the offices held by them in the board of Ordnance.

**LOUISIANA SUGAR.**—The Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury, having had under consideration several applications from parties who have imported sugar the growth of Louisiana, with certificates of origin under the hand of Mr. Mure, her Majesty's consul at New Orleans, such certificates not being in formal and regular compliance with the requirements of the statute, and their lordships having, in these several cases, considered that the attention of the shippers, in all probability, had not been drawn with sufficient precision to the terms of the statute:—

Their lordships have, therefore, been pleased to direct that certificates of



origin, under the hand of Mr. Mure, being in the same form as those already admitted, and not otherwise objectionable, be admitted up to the close of the month of June ultimo; but that from and after the first day of July instant, a strict and regular compliance with the provisions of the law in respect thereto will be insisted upon in every instance.

**FOREIGN OFFICE, JULY 3.**—The Queen has been graciously pleased to appoint John Finnes Crampton, Esq., now secretary to her Majesty's legation in Switzerland, to be secretary to her Majesty's legation in the United States.

**FRANCE.**—The Deputies have passed the budget of receipts—the business of the session—and their labors are, therefore, brought to a close. They adjourned for some days, in order to give the peers time to pass certain bills sent to the upper chamber, and in all probability the prorogation would then take place.

The great topic of general interest during the last fortnight has been the question relative to the Jesuits. After the famous appeal of Thiers to the government to put the laws in force against the followers of Loyola, M. Rossi was sent to Rome with the mission of persuading the Pope to recall the Jesuits from France, and thereby save the government the pain and scandal of being compelled to expel them by the strong hand. In the mission M. Rossi has completely succeeded—the religious communities of the Jesuits being ordered to be broken up, the greater part of their body to quit the kingdom, their novitiates to be sold, and their houses and property (they are very rich) to be disposed of.

There appears to be no doubt that the French government has succeeded in getting the Emperor of Morocco to ratify the treaty entered into between his commissioners and General Delarue, although in the first instance he utterly repudiated the treaty, and caused his commissioners to be bastinadoed for exceeding their instructions.

**SYRIA.**—The French papers publish lamentable details respecting the civil war between the Maronites and the Druses, and the criminal negligence of the Turkish authorities. "The Maronites," says the *Constitutionnel*, "have suffered the most severely. They have lost more than 2000 of their people, among whom women, children, and aged men form a majority. The loss of the Druses amount to about 1000 persons, and these for the most part are able bodied men."

The *Echo de l'Orient* of Smyrna says that the last accounts received from Syria are rather more satisfactory than those previously received. Reinforcements of troops had been sent from Salonica to Beyrout, and it was hoped that the efforts of Vedjeh Pacha, aided by the consuls of England and France, would convert the armistice between the Druses and Maronites, which the consuls had succeeded in establishing, into a definite peace.

#### HORRIBLE TRAGEDY AT DAHARA, IN ALGIERS.

It is thus recorded in the Akbar, of the 5th inst., a French Journal published at Algiers:—

There has just occurred in the Dahara one of those terrible events which deeply afflict those who behold them, even when convinced of their frightful necessity, and when they are justified in declaring that every thing possible was done to prevent the catastrophe.

It is known that the corps commanded by Colonels Pelissier, St. Arnaud, and de l'Admirault, have been carrying on combined operations in the West. Col. Pelissier was busy pursuing the Ouled Riahs, who have never yet submitted, as they live in immense caverns, where it would be madness for the troops to enter. On the 18th of June, finding themselves closely pursued, the Ouled Riahs flew to their usual place of refuge.

After having surrounded the caverns, some faggots were lighted and thrown by the French troops before the entrance. After this demonstration, which was made to convince the Arabs that the French had the power, if they pleased, of suffocating them in their hiding-place, the colonel threw in letters, offering to them life and liberty if they would surrender their arms and their horses.

At first they refused, but subsequently they replied that they would consent if the French troops would withdraw. The condition was considered inadmissible, and more burning faggots were thrown. A great tumult now arose, and it was known afterwards that it arose from a discussion whether there should be a surrender or not. The party opposed to surrender carried their point, and a few of the minority made their escape.

Colonel Pelissier, wishing to spare the lives of those who remained in the cavern, sent some Arabs to exhort them to surrender. They refused, and some women, who did not partake of the savage fanaticism of the majority, attempted to fly, but their husbands and relations fired upon them, to prevent their escape from the martyrdom which they had themselves resolved to suffer. Col. Pelissier then suspended the throwing of the burning faggots, and sent a French officer to hold a parley with the Ouled Riahs, but his messenger was received with a discharge of fire arms, and could not perform his mission.

This state of things continued till the night of the 19th, when losing all patience, and no longer having a hope of otherwise subduing these fanatics, who formed a perpetual nucleus of revolt in the country, the fire was renewed and rendered intense. During this time the cries of the unhappy wretches were dreadful, and then nothing was heard but the cracking of the faggots. This silence spoke volumes. The troops entered and found 500 dead bodies. About 150, who still breathed, were brought into the fresh air, but a portion of them died afterward."

#### CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

Most distressing accounts have been received from this colony during the past week. The whole of the Northeastern province beyond Colesberg is in arms. The missionary station of Philippolis has been abandoned. From the 6th to the 16th of April there was continuous fighting between the Griquas, or bastard natives, and the immigrant boers.

No quarter was given on either side; prisoners taken were instantly knocked on the head; troops and artillery were hurrying from all quarters to the North-Eastern frontiers, and from Cape Town Sir Peregrine Maitland was hastening to this awful scene. On the whole, the Griquas appear to have maintained their ground, but the boers had despatched messengers to Natal for reinforcements, which there was little doubt would be readily furnished to them, and a collision between her Majesty's forces and her Majesty's subjects was, at the latest dates, the most probable of impending contingencies.

These events had, too, unsettled the Caffres, and from the frontier post on Caffreland, Post Victoria, the military authorities had forwarded despatches to Graham's Town for assistance. The boers have attempted to carry Philippolis, filled with women and children, by storm; and though repulsed they carried off 800 head of cattle, and in their retreat "deliberately shot two Bushmen children who were herding a small flock."

Eleven hundred strong and well armed boers have cut off all the communication between the Griquas, at Philippolis, and the neighbouring tribes, and

are endeavouring to plant a strong force between Philippolis and the North-eastern part of the colony, which is in the possession of and under British dominion.

Whether the 91st regiment, supported by the 7th Dragoons, will arrive in time to save Philippolis, remains to be seen. "The whole country," says the *Graham's Town Journal* of the 24th of April, "is in arms; the farmers declaring they will follow the soldiers over, the moment they cross the Orange river; and there is not the least doubt but 2000 boers are ready to go over."

**WAR OFFICE, July 4**—2d Life Gds.: Assist.-Surg. F. W. G. Calder, to be Surg. v. J. Bett, who rets. on h-p.; Assist.-Surg. G. McCulloch, M.D., from 54th Ft., to be Assist.-Surg. v. Calder.—Ryl. Horse Gds.: Lt. the Hon. C. H. Cust to be Capt. by pur. v. Lord A. A. St. Maur, who rets.; Cor. the Hon. L. A. Grant to be Lt. by pur. v. Cust; W. J. H. Gambier, Gent., to be Cor. by pur. v. Grant.—1st Ft. Gds.: Ens. and Lt. C. Balfour to be Lt. and Capt. by pur. v. Graham, who rets.; Ens. A. E. Rowley, from 51st Ft., to be Ens. and Lt. by pur. v. Balfour.—6th Ft.: Maj. R. Rumley, from 60th Ft., to be Maj. v. Dennis, who exchs.—8th Ft.: Lt. J. Hinde to be Capt. by pur. v. Chearnley, who rets.; Ens. A. I. Garnett to be Lt. by pur. v. Hinde; E. R. Hannam, Gent., to be Ens. by pur. v. Garnett.—11th Ft.: Ens. J. T. T. Boyd to be Lt. without pur. v. Marston, app. to 51st Ft.; Ens. H. J. Maclean from 36th Ft., to be Ens. v. Boyd.—24th Ft.: Gent. Cadet J. Daubeny, from Ryl. Mil. Col. to be Ens. without pur. v. Carter, app. to 51st Ft.—36th Ft.: Gent. Cadet H. R. S. Trelawny, from Ryl. Mil. Col. to be Ens. without pur. v. Maclean, app. to 11th Ft.—37th Ft.: Lt. W. Hamilton to be Capt. by pur. v. Le Blanc, who rets.; Ens. J. Clutterbuck to be Lt. by pur. v. Hamilton; J. L. George, Gent., to be Ens. by pur. v. Clutterbuck.—29th Ft.: Ens. W. Leckie to be Lieutenant without purchase, vice Walker, dec.; Gent. Cadet J. P. Traherne, from the Royal Military College, to be Ensign, vice Leckie.—51st Ft.—Mjr E. St. Maur to be Lt.-Col. without pur.; Capt. W. Austin to be Mjr v. St. Maur; Lt. G. Bagot to be Capt. v. Austin. To be Lt.s without pur.—Lt. H. F. Marston fm the 11th Ft.; Lt. J. H. Dickson fm the 92d Ft.; Lt. L. H. Bedford, fm the 13th Ft.; Ens. W. J. Pegus; Ens. W. H. Kemp; Ens. A. P. Rossi; Ens. C. P. O'Connell; Ens. S. Darling; Ens. J. W. Mansfield; Ens. R. Neville; Ens. S. A. Madden v. Bagot. To be Ens. without pur.—Ens. S. G. Carter fm the 24th Ft. v. Pegus; Gent. Cadet R. G. S. Mason fm the Ryl. Mil. Col. v. Kemp; Gent. Cadet T. H. Goad fm the Ryl. Mil. Col. v. Rossi; Gent. Cadet A. Roberson fm the Ryl. Mil. Col. v. O'Connell; Gent. Cadet R. G. A. Luard fm the Ryl. Mil. Col. v. Darling; Gent. Cadet A. E. Rowley fm the Ryl. Mil. Col. v. Mansfield; Gent. Cadet A. W. Conolly, fm the Ryl. Mil. Col. v. Neville; G. O. Nunn Gent. v. Madden. 60th Ft.—Mjr M. G. Dennis fm the 6th Ft. to be Mjr v. Rumley, who ex. 61st Ft.—Ens. R. Maunsell to be Lt. by pur. v. Mackenzie, who rets.; Ens. F. R. E. Burnside fm the 62d Ft. to be Ens. v. Maunsell. 62d Ft.—G. J. Ambrose Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Burnside app. to the 61st Ft. 68th Ft.—Capt. G. J. Smart fm h-p. Unat. to be Capt. v. J. B. Parkinson who ex.; Lt. W. Cross to be Capt. by pur. v. Smart, who rets.; Ens. H. C. Cotton to be Lt. by pur. v. Cross; A. Kortright Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Cotton 79th Ft.—Lt. T. Gaisford to be Capt. by pur. v. Skene who rets.; Ens. H. W. Campbell, to be Lt. by pur. v. Gaisford; K. R. Maitland, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Campbell.—80th Ft.: W. B. C. S. Wandesforde, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Davis, rets.—92d Ft.: Ens. J. Gordon, to be Lt. without pur. v. Dickson, app. to the 51st Ft.; Gent. Cadet J. Carnegie, from the Ryl. Mil. Col. to be Ens. v. Gordon.—93d Ft.: R. E. Seton, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Duncan, who rets.—Brevet.—Capt. G. J. Smart, of the 68th Ft. to be Maj. in the Army. The under-mentioned Cadets of the Hon. E. I. Company's Service to have local and temporary rank of Ens. during the period of their being placed under the command of Lt.-Col. Sir F. Smith, of the Ryl. Engrs at Chatham, for field instructions in the art of sapping and mining, viz.: A. Cowper, Gent.; A. Cadell, Gent.; C. D. Innes, Gent.; J. F. Donovan, Gent.; J. W. Playfair, Gent.; A. Moberly, Gent.—Memorandum.—The Christian names of Ens. M. Leod, of the 74th Ft. are William Kelly, not Keltz, as previously stated. The Christian names of Asst.-Surg. Howell, of the Rifle Brig are Frederick Donald, not Francis David, as previously stated.—Admiralty, July 2.—Corps of Ryl. Mns: Gent. Cadet W. P. Draffen, to be Second Lt.; Gent. Cadet C. Pyne to be Sec. Lt.; Gent. Cadet W. J. Kinsman to be Sec. Lt.; Gent. Cadet J. Bastable to be Sec. Lt.

**WAR OFFICE, July 11.**—2d Regt. of Life Gds.—Sir M. R. S. M. Stewart, Bart., to be Cor. and Sub-Lt. by pur. v. Clayton, who rets. 5th Drag. Gds.—Lieut. J. C. Worke to be Lt. by pur. v. Meade, who rets.; Cor. R. H. P. Crawford to be Lt. by pur. v. Yorke; J. J. Thomas, Gent. to be Cor. by pur. v. Crawford. 13th Light Drags.—Capt. W. Knox to be Maj. by pur. v. Hamilton, who rets.; Lt. C. Deacon to be Capt. by pur. v. Knox; Cor. U. C. W. Donville to be Lt. by pur. v. Deacon; Ens. T. H. Goad, from the 51st Ft., to be Cor. by pur. v. Donville. 11th Ft.—Capt. W. H. Thornton, from the 89th Ft., to be Capt. v. Stanley, who exchs. 15th Ft.—F. H. Mylius, Gent. to be Ens. without pur. v. Braybrooke, app. to the Ceylon Rifle Regt. 46th Ft.—Ens. R. W. Piper to be Lt. by pur. v. Nouth, who rets.; E. L. Pretyman, Gent. to be En. by purchase, vice Piper. 51st Foot.—H. B. Westropp, Gent. to be Ensign, by purchase, vice Rowley, appointed to the Grenadier Regt. of Foot Guards. 54th F.—F. H. Baxter, M.D. to be Asst. Surg. vice M'Culloch, app. to the 2d Regt. of Life Gs. 59th F.—H. W. Gordon to be Capt. by pur. v. Weir, who re; En. M. P. Lloyd to be Lt. by pur. v. Gordon; J. J. Coghill Gent. to be En. by pur. v. Lloyd. 66th F.—En. H. U. Coates to be Lt. by pur. v. Keibel, who re; R. Couner, Gent. to be En. by pur. v. Coates; M. W. Bell Gent. to be En. by pur. v. Davis, who re. 67th F.—Capt. W. Lyon from h-p. of the 6th W. I. Reg. to be Capt. v. the Hon. A. G. Stuart who exchs.; Lt. T. P. Onslow to be Capt. by pur. v. Lyon who re; En. D. S. Miller to be Lt. by pur. v. Onslow; D. Thompson Gent. to be En. by pur. v. Miller. 89th Ft.—Capt. J. T. Stanley from 11. F. to be Capt. v. Thornton who exchs.; En. J. Suter, to be Lt. without pur. v. Saunders dec.; T. J. G. Thompson, Gent. to be En. v. Shuter.—1st W. I. Regt.—Serg.-Maj. G. Jones, from London Recruiting District to be En. without pur. v. Wood dec.—3d W. I. Regt.—J. Halahan Gent. to be En. without pur. v. Burke dec. the service.

Ceylon Rifle Regt.—Lt. F. B. Bayley to be Capt. without pur. v. Burleigh, dec.; Lt. G. B. Tattersall to be Capt. without pur. v. Bayley, whose promotion has been cancl.; Second Lt. R. O'Gorman to be First Lt. without pur. v. Bayley; Second Lt. H. Swettenham to be First Lt. by pur. v. O'Gorman whose promotion by pur. has been cancl.; Ens. W. L. Braybrooke, from the 15th Ft., to be Sec. Lt. without pur. Swettenham. Ryl. Canadian Rifle Regt.—W. King, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. English, whose app. has been cancl. Brevet.—Capt. W. Lyon, 67th Ft., to be Mjr in the Army. Unattached.—To be Capt. without pur. Lt. J. M. Isaac, from the 59th Ft. Hospital Staff.—Staff-Surg. of the Sec. Class, A. Pouls to be Staff Surg. of the First Class, v. W. Ferguson, app. Governor of Sierra Leone. Memorandum.—The date of the commission of Ens. and Lt. Rowley, of the 1st or Grenadier Regt. of Ft. Gds., is 7th July 1845, and not 4th July 1845, as previously stated. Erratum in the Gazette of the 20th June 1845.—Ceylon Rifle Regt.—For Sec. Lt. C. C. Durnford to be First Lt. v. Bayley, prom., read v. Tattersall, prom.

## DEPARTMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.

## TRICKS IN THE TRAFFIC OF OBJECTS OF ART.

The traveller who visits many of the countless churches strowed over the European continent, or the public and private picture galleries both there and in this country, cannot fail to be surprised at the number of *originals* which he meets with. There are very few collections which do not boast either of a "real" Claude, Raffaele, Rembrandt, Rubens, Dolce, Caracci, or Corregio; and he is forced to conclude that, if all he hears be true, the painters of bygone times must have painted night and day during their long lives to have produced such a vast number of beautiful subjects. It is, however, well understood that by far the greater number of these pictures are spurious—either copies from the undoubted works of the masters to whom they are attributed, or successful imitations of their manner by inferior and modern artists. An account of some of the ingenious methods by which such paintings are first copied and then palmed off upon purchasers, may serve various useful ends.

It is not always that artists are aware, when employed to copy pictures, that they are in the remotest degree contributing to the carrying out of a successful fraud. To show how this sometimes happens, we need only relate an anecdote which we recently heard. Our informant, who is well known in London for his fidelity in copying, was one day busy in his studio, when a carriage rolled up to his door. A stranger of aristocratic mien entered, bringing with him a beautiful female head, evidently painted by a great master. He inquired if our friend would like to copy it at his own price, and if so, when it would be done? The answer was in the affirmative, and the required time named. The new patron said he would be punctual in returning for the original and the promised copy, and without more ado, took leave and drove off. The artist regarded him as some eccentric nobleman, and when leisure permitted, commenced his task, which he completed within the required time. Sure enough, on the day agreed on the gentleman appeared, and professed himself so much delighted with the exactitude of the copy that he paid the painter a few pounds more than he demanded.

A week or two after, the artist was surprised by another visit from the same person, who brought a second and equally beautiful head, to be copied upon exactly the same conditions as to time and price. Our friend's suspicions were now roused, for he began to suspect that his aristocratic looking patron was a picture dealer in disguise; but before he could express his doubts, the gentleman vanished. After some hesitation, he set to work and completed his task within the time specified, determining, however, not to part with the pictures without some explanation. When therefore his employer again appeared, he demanded a pledge that the copies were not intended to be put to any improper use, or to be passed off as originals. The stranger was indignant, demurred to the artist's right of demanding any such pledge, and after some discussion, was allowed to take away both pictures, having first given the usual remuneration for the artist's labour.

Time passed on, and our friend had nearly forgotten the transaction, when a nobleman, from whom he had previously received many commissions, returned from abroad, and called on him to request his opinion of "an exquisite Carlo Dolce," which was to be sold in a collection advertised for sale in the mansion of a gentleman in the Regent's Park. "It will," he continued, "form an admirable companion to a picture by the same artist I was fortunate enough to pick up in Italy for a bagatelle of three hundred guineas." Upon this our friend posted off to the Regent's Park to examine the wonderful and undoubted Carlo Dolce. On beholding it, he was astonished to find his own work! Hastening to his noble patron's house to communicate what he had seen, he was shown into the library, when the first thing that met his eye was his other performance. His surprise was doubled; and he inquired on the entrance of his friend, "is that the picture for which you gave three hundred guineas in Rome?" The answer was in the affirmative, and a detail was entered into of the circumstances of the purchase. It was bought in the palace of a decayed Italian family, "where it had lain in a neglected apartment for more than a century." Our painter took down the picture, turned it over, examined it minutely, saw that it had been lined with old canvas to give it an ancient look, and at last exclaimed that he had painted it himself. It was the second copy he had made for his mysterious employer!

Of course the sale of the other so-called Dolce in the Regent's Park was stopped, and the "gentleman" who had advertised it was exposed to the world in his true character; that of a tricking picture dealer.

It is not difficult to explain how our friend's copy got into the Italian palace, and how it was purposely placed in a neglected apartment to deceive the buyer. This kind of trick is common in Italy. It is the more easily practised, from the fact of many decayed gentlemen of that country turning picture dealers and hanging subjects in their rooms, so as to make them pass for heirlooms or ancient family possessions; many paintings are actually imported into Italy for that purpose. This, however, is an old device, and most picture fanciers are on their guard against it when invited to visit the gallery of an Italian gentleman, cautiously abstaining from hinting at a purchase, should a feeling to that effect be thrown out by the host.

Of course the regular traders in pictures, being looked upon with a sort of suspicion, require to exercise a superior degree of ingenuity to effect their sales. We learn from the above source that among the cleverest of the Roman dealers is Signor A—, a fair-spoken fellow and facetious withal, who, conscious of his own talent, is ever ready to adduce some instance of its happy exercise. A year or two since he made a wholesale transaction, which, in a short half hour, transferred to a young Irish peer the accumulated rubbish of his magazine. At the lucky moment of *major's* visit there arrived a liveried servant with an official-looking missive, which A— apologised for opening, and after glancing at it, said, "Very good, but I have no time now to look at your pictures; come again." The servant hesitated, and to the inquiries of the stranger, A— said it was only two particulars of a lot of pictures which had been sent to him for sale, the heritage of an old Bolognese family, but that he had never had leisure to open the boxes which must stand over till he could attend to the matter. On his lordship pressing to have a sight of them, A— reluctantly opened the cases, protesting that it was of no use, as it would take much time to clean, and arrange, and value this collection; before which, of course, the pictures were not for sale. The list exhibited Guidos, Domenichinos, Caraccis, Carlo Dolces; in short, just that class of names which impose upon an Anglican amateur; and the dingy canvases were freely acknowledged to be so completely obscured by dirt and old varnish, that their merits were undistinguishable. The more the dealer seemed anxious to divert his customer to the brightly varnished ornaments of his own walls, the less willing was he to lose sight of this singular chance of procuring "a genuine gallery ready made," and ere the parties separated, a transfer was made to the peer of a mass of

trash which scarcely merited the outlay of cleaning, in exchange for a thousand louis-d'or.

A still bolder *coup de main* was successfully played off by the same worthy some years before, at the expense of an experienced purchaser and acknowledged connoisseur. He persuaded the late Mr. C— to look at a picture of high pretensions and of some merit in his house. Whilst they were discussing it, the jingle of posting bells was heard in the street, and the prolonged crack of a courier's whip echoed in the doorway. A— started, rushed out, and beheld an express, booted, spurred, and splashed, who handed him a letter. Tearing it open, he appeared struck with confusion, and exclaimed, "Well, here is a fine scrape I have got into."

"What is the matter?"

"Why, I am talking about selling you this picture and here is the courier sent back from Ancona to buy it, by a Russian gentleman to whom I offered it last week, for such a sum."

The price was a large one, and Mr. C— would not have thought of giving it for the picture, which did not interest him much; but so cleverly did A— contrive to transfer to it the interest of this dramatic scene, that, in the excitement of the moment, a bargain was struck; and our countryman went off delighted at the idea of having "done" the Russian; the latter being an imaginary personage, and his courier a Roman postboy, hired to gallop up in the nick of time!

It is not, however, only in the pictures that this kind of fraud is carried on. In sculptures, models, cameos, and objects of virtue, the same system is extensively practised. It is well known that in the neighborhood of the excavated cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, regular manufactories of 'antiquities' exist for the supply of the curious who visit the neighborhood of Mount Vesuvius. Coins, cameos, bas-reliefs, and intaglios are got up—it is true in some instances by very clever artists, and often in themselves extremely beautiful—and deposited amidst ruins, to be dug up in the presence of some gaping amateur, and sold for treble their value. An English nobleman, who was known to devote his wealth liberally to the acquisition of antiques, having some time ago arrived in Rome, set the curiosity dealers at work to tempt him with 'antiques.' The most intelligent of them, one V—, commissioned a cameo, which he made sure would please the earl, from one of the fabricators of antique gems. A fine stone having been selected, it was finished in the best style, and committed to a jeweller to be set in rings. In his hands it was casually broken to bits; the plot was defeated, the dealer was furious, but the victim was not saved. The wily Italian fell upon a device to render the bait more than ever deadly. Having selected a principal morsel of the cameo, he carried it to the peer as a fragment just brought in by a peasant, which, though incomplete, rivelled the rarest gems in perfection of material and of art. After dwelling upon it with that mellifluous eloquence which only an Italian can employ to good purpose—for in a language whose every syllable is euphony even verbiage becomes effective—he obtained for it a sum which far more than repaid his outlay. Now, as some collectors of such relics so treasure those which time or violence has broken, as almost to give them a seeming preference, the lord and the dealer had perhaps equal reason to be satisfied with the transaction. But there were more fragments behind; so, after pocketing the price and bowing himself out, V— returned to say, that as it would be a pity the rest of so lovely a work should be lost, he had desired the peasant to dig again for the other bits, in which he might very probably be successful. Next day he returned with another morsel, which he celebrated by another string of superlative epithets, and sold by another tissue of falsehoods for another ransom; and that in due time was succeeded by the remaining fragments—all separately produced, separately peddled, and separately paid for, until in the end the accidental fracture of the stone proved to have quadrupled its price.

The anecdote of the Carlo Dolce in the Regent's Park shows that discreditable tricks and contrivances for the sale of pictures are not confined to Italy.—In England and especially in London, this dishonesty is organized into a system. The stale devices of the auctioneer and the saleroom have been long too well known, to deceive any but the merest tyro in picture buying. Hence more elaborate deceptions are carried out, some of them requiring an amount of capital, time, and knowledge of art, which is in itself wonderful. Take as an example the person whom our friend exposed; he was no doubt in league with a set of Italian dealers of the same caste. He sends them copies to plant about in various residences, and they in return supply him with the deceptive of Italian easels, and with the refusal of sale galleries. He takes a large house in the Regent's Park, fits up a picture-gallery, and lives to all appearance in great style. He becomes a patron of art, employs some clever copyists, some openly, others as we have detailed, and buys a few good but cheap originals from the modern exhibitions. After a year or two thus spent, he establishes a character as a connoisseur. Presently he gives out that he is going abroad, and brings his gallery 'to the hammer.' Expensive catalogues *raisonnées* are printed, with the (spurious) history of each picture minutely set down. Picture fanciers flock to the mansion, and—unless an exposure supervenes—on the day of sale the gallery not only realises enough to pay all expenses, but yields a handsome profit. Upon this profit a new scheme is set on foot; and by such unworthy traffic we are assured that large fortunes have been made.

Nothing can better illustrate, than these anecdotes, the irrational and artificial media through which pictures are prized and estimated. The name of the artist raises its value more than the real merit of the picture. This is not wholly unavoidable, it is true, in ordinary judgments on the works of art; for it requires a high amount of intellectual taste to judge of the intrinsic beauties of a picture, while everybody can tell whether its painter enjoys a high reputation or not; and if he do, the inference is not unnatural that his work must be good. This mode of judging is, it appears, carried to a greater height in England than where knowledge of art is more widely diffused. In Italy good copies are looked upon with more respect and admiration than in this country; while bad originals are condemned as they deserve. Here, on the contrary, be the real merits of a picture ever so moderate, any price is given for it if it only can be made to pass under a great name. While we are disposed, therefore, to censure dealers for the frauds they practice, let us not forget the vast temptations ignorant and prejudiced purchasers hold out to them by the enormous prices they offer for supposed 'originals.' Purchasers are in most instances parties to the fraud they themselves suffer by.

\* Of the extent to which the importation of pictures is carried on, an idea may be formed from the fact that, within the last five years, somewhere between 60,000 and 70,000 'ancient' pictures have been imported into England, paying the duty at the custom house in London.



A recently deceased and witty divine had an excellent method of protecting himself against his own want of judgment and the frauds of dealers. One morning when we had the pleasure of breakfasting with him, we amused ourselves whilst he was temporarily occupied by looking at the pictures hung on his walls. 'Ah,' he remarked, 'you will not find anything very brilliant there.' The fact is, I have closely adhered to one rule through life. When I take a fancy to a picture, I have never allowed myself to give more than fifty shillings for it."

"Still you may have picked up some very valuable ones at that price?"

"I don't suppose I have," answered our reverend friend gravely, "for one day I had a visit from a great picture dealer, and after he had examined my collection very attentively, I asked him what he thought of them? Slowly shaking his head, he replied, 'And so, sir you gave only fifty shillings a piece for them.' Well, sir, permit me to say that you do your judgment great wrong; for allow me to tell you, sir, that there are some paintings in your possession which are worth at least — three pounds!"

### ON THE GENIUS OF LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

BY R. R. REINAGLE, R.A. — [Continued.]

After diverging thus far, I will now show the absence of philosophy in this work of B. th. The heavens exhibit nine varieties of clouds; three changes in three divisions. First the stratus cloud, which is fog in its most diffuse character; then cumulo-stratus, then cumulus. Then strato-cumulus, cumulo-cumulus, and thirdly nimbus, the great thunder or storm-cloud, so often seen during our summer season.

We then ascend higher into the atmosphere, and begin the last division of three varieties. We have the cirrus cloud, the office of which, philosophers assert, is to collect electricity. This is ten miles above our heads. It appears, as travellers up Mont Blanc assert, as far above them as when in the lowest valley. This cloud is always very thin, and disposed in most whimsical streaks as if swept by a broom. Its second change is cirro-cumulus, and the third, cirro-stratus. There is a tenth cloud of a brown colour, often seen, but more particularly in Germany, which the sun never illumines, therefore it never alters. It has a brown woolly appearance, and it mingles with all other clouds of the second series, and sometimes with the first. It is supposed to be composed of mineral vapours and from these clouds meteoric stones proceed. They must help to feed the nimbus cloud with electric matter. Having gone through thus much, I find it necessary to extend a little further. I must explain that the three classes of the nine distinct clouds, are indicators of certain states and changes of the weather. Both could never deviate from representing the strato-cumulus clouds, forgetting, or not knowing perhaps, from the absence of a philosophic investigation of our atmosphere, that while he was endeavouring to paint and express the finest weather, he chose the cloud indicative of rain, and change from dry to wet. As he never associated clouds which rise higher in our atmosphere with his chosen favourite, he left out the true sign of an improving state of the weather. This is a proof of the absence of all philosophy and science, as connected with the airy element: it is also a proof of his love of a cloud with ragged outlines, one of the elements of the picturesque in skies of the meanest character, because it afforded him scope for his mannered touch. Thus a fine evening is not to be expressed by the cumulo-stratus but, as Claude Lorraine did, by the presence of the cumulo-cumulus, and mingled with cirro-stratus and the cirro-cumulus. The cirro-cumulus was the cloud Virgil describes in his Georgics. This poet had observed the several changes which clouds undergo, when the weather is passing from fine to wet weather, or the reverse. He was a painter as a poet:—landscape painters may learn very much from if they will read him. Both thus failed in the atmospheric part which should have awakened his philosophy. I have traced the other errors, of combining touch and the frumpy of manner in all the parts, whereby the very best elements for a grand work have been spoiled.

Let it not be supposed, that while I write in this caustic manner, I am not prepared, with his fond admirers, to enjoy and be highly pleased with his pencil dexterities, and his pleasant warm tints. He stands high in the Dutch school. Had Titian painted such a subject as I am describing, we should have had mountains like barriers to further space. We should have had a sky such as a poet would like to describe, all characteristic of the grander appearances of the heavens when the finest weather is depicted, or a threatened storm. The middle ground would have shown us some fragment of a noble built town or city, or a fortress, or noble edifices on the sides of ample sheets of water. Verdant grounds in successive advance, luxuriously green, mixed with golden hues, would have led us to the front of the scene. No sea-weed trees would have risen as a screen to the distance, as we see in both; but large chestnut, horse-chestnut, walnut, maple, or sycamore, with sometimes oak, and even elm and fir trees, the flat-headed pine, would have stood before us. No mean figures would satisfy him. Classic men and women, mounted horsemen seemingly on chargers; nobles going to the chase or returning with appropriate attendants, dogs, &c., would have been found on the road. A more sparkling rivulet would have watered the front of the composition. No display of brambles, hemlock, seeds, rushes, woodbines, convolvuli thistles, docks, long grass, and other weeds, would have found place. The cliffs would have been of noble aspect, with foliage of the character of large growth, fringing and growing from the strata; and over the summits grand effects of deep tones and broad effective lighted clouds, would have marked the scene with a dignity, combined with the other parts, that exalt Landscape to its summit of perfection, while both, from a Dutch feeling, degraded all the various matter of his picture.

I will now appeal to Cuyper, and seek for his poetry and his philosophy. I allude to the large picture, in which is a man on horseback conversing with a woman as to his route: large cattle are lying down, well scattered, and a number of sheep; two large dogs are at sport; the back ground shows a hill with some trees on it; a large pool of water fills part of the middle space, as to a fringe of bushes and brambles near to the cattle; some travellers have watered their horses, as represented at no great distance on the margin of the water. Trees fill up the right side of this valuable picture; valuable because, in what is termed the market, a conventional value for such a production will be about £1600 to £2000. These are something like bonds, they rise and fall according to a demand. This picture is one of those public attention is drawn to, because—because, forsooth, its marketable value is well known. The taste of the lovers of art, so far as mind is in question, drinks a sort of poison, while relishing such art as this. That the eye is entertained, there can be no doubt. The impression made on all who are caught by its graphic snares (for beautiful, in one sense, is the whole, as I will explain hereafter) is, that, papa, mamma, Polly, Betsy and little John can remember nothing more than that they saw ugly cows, questionable sheep, ugly people, ugly dogs, brambles, dock-leaves, a pool of hot water, and hills almost on fire.

No one sentiment above the commonest nature round London, on a hot and

burning evening is elicited. A hot evening, almost hot to suffocation, presents itself. The only philosophy discoverable, is a general pervasion of heat and hot air passing through saffron and yellow ochre.

The only other philosophy is, that cows and sheep are not unfrequent associates, and are here brought together, with fig-ures to take care of them. Ergo, this is Dutch philosophy!—But *quære*, turning a high road into a field, if it be quite admissible. And *quære*, if hills, so much removed from the place of the sun, could be seen under so amazingly yellow a colour. These are graphic licences at the expense of truth, when analysed. Hence such pictures, beautiful as we deem them, are incongruous and untrue, though the effect of evening heat of a glowing sun is in itself true, had the sun been within the margin of the picture. If artists choose or prefer the landscape department of art, we pray that they may study Nature's philosophy, and her science, in propriety, and not imitate errors, because an error can be served up of a savoury aspect, just as a French cook can convert tripe into a ragout "*le plus appétissant*," or an old shoe, if required. Yet tripe, *tous les jours*, or stewed onions, however good, will not do for ever—*toujours perdrez, cela ne va pas; donnez nous du naturel*. Thus it is intended, that artists *only* should, as men of acquired knowledge, follow the good and pure of any painter, and avoid the thoughtless imitation of beautifully served up errors. We have a great artist now among us, whose vagaries and night visions bid defiance to imitation. There is no picking here; you must—I mean the tyros of art—take all, or leave all alone. Be content with simple admiration, when you can find which way the pictures are to be looked at. They are often like a piece of opal; it is all one which way you turn it, the colours are always playful, and tell just as well upside down as in the true position. But with all these licentious liberties, as nature is not intended to be the guide, and they (the pictures) never look like anything a human being ever saw, they offend not against the second commandment. Passions.—dreams are often entertaining imaginations, excited, as Dr. Bunn tells us, by an irregular action of portions of the brain. We are therefore, in extenuation, bound to conceive such operations can go on when men are awake. Thank goodness, they are not quite of the phantasmagoria order: we do not fall into fits with fright, however shocked our feelings may be.

The only Dutch artist who has produced works perfectly philosophical, is the great marine painter William Van der Velde. This man shows us, by almost every picture he painted, that he was a genius, a man of science in his art, and a deep philosopher. The world, which admire him, do not really know why: out this is a truth, that high finish, which is to a great artist a great objection, is found in the greater part of his enchanting pictures. Yet, when pictures which he painted while resident in England, which are amongst his most admirable works,—storms, brisk gales, and shipping tossed about, seen by a sudden gleam of twilight vivid light, burst through night-like clouds, and a very dark, yet transparent, sea,—ships lighted by the heavens' own reflected light, others rolling in fearful majesty, some in danger, others escaping,—will not arrest any collector's attention; nor will they pay one quarter of the value of such epigrammatic magnificence in art. Why? Because they are what they ought to be—*sketchy*, to meet the character of general uproar of the elements, and not highly finished. Though his shipping is, in most of these sublime productions, admirably and satisfactorily finished,—not a rope wanting, nor out of place,—yet they are disliked by our leaders of society. It is nothing new to tell our readers that money makes the man, in our blessed country; not talents, if he be poor. But if a greater, a far, a very far greater diffusion of science prevailed, and sound moral and physical philosophy were taught, in lieu of the boring lumber of dead languages, to a certainly good taste would be the consequence.

Every one would study, more or less, cause and effect. Then would true genius and merit meet their rewards. No landscape painter can go out of his path if he studiously analyses this admirable artist's works—W. Van der Velde. If he represents early morning, he does not usher it in with a storm; for no art could well express morning with a storm. He gave the calm of quiet on the opening of the day, before bustle began. The aspect of his atmosphere was so true, that a person, not idiotic, a common observer of nature's changes through the day, will pronounce Van der Velde's mornings to be mornings, his middays to be middays, his evenings to be evenings. It is far from the lot of every landscape painter to give a distinct effect of morning from evening. They continually call an evening effect a morning light, and often a morning light that of the evening. The old masters excelled in these points. Mr. Turner, the academician, never makes a mistake of that nature: nor did Wilson, our English Claude. To return, W. Van der Velde, when he represented storms, was thus a poet. He depicted all the dangers of a violent gale, with his ships rolling about, always, or nearly always, at sunset, or the early twilight. Thus he fills the spectator with a faint sensation of the horrors to be apprehended by approaching night, as if the picture had dragged him into danger. At sea, as represented by art, no reason of the year can be expressed. It is a curious act, in this case, that not one person in a million will ascribe a sea-storm to be in the summer season. The reason becomes plain when explained. The length of day, and the absence of extreme darkness at night, in summer, makes maritime danger appear less than if the storm happens on the approach of night in November, December, January, February, and so on. Darkness adds horror to all dangers, and to none more fearfully than to be far away at sea, when going to pieces, or sinking from having sprung a leak in a gale of wind. The imagination fills the soul with every species of complicated distress. If an artist like Van der Velde can arouse such feelings (and he does so, where men have any poetry in their souls, while examining his pictures), he determines himself a poet painter. All other races of artists are mere imitators. Wherever poetry is wanting in art, all real interest vanishes. The eye alone is fed and amused by the technicalities of good painting, good touch, transparency, fine colouring, &c. But I can enjoy these points as well as the most ardent admirers; but I never will allow myself to give Dutch or Flemish art a preference over Italian. If we are surrounded by landscapes by Titian, Giorgione, Corot, even Bassano, Caracci, Domenichino, Bolognese, Albano, Mola, and Salvator Rosa, we seem to be surrounded by a race of nobles. Go from such an assemblage into a similar-sized room filled with Dutch and Flemish art, and the change of sensations is little less than going from the Clarendon Hotel, with such a feast as the house can produce, and plunging into a cookshop first-floor eating-room, where the best display is to be seen of all that can offend eye and nose.

I will, before closing this essay, advert to one or two of the landscapes by Claude Lorraine, and the large sea piece, with a palace on the shore of the sea. The several pictures of Claude Lorraine in our National Gallery give to the English public a love of his superior taste in the development of landscape and sea-shore, or, properly, sea-port scenery. The general public are excluded from a more extensive knowledge of this best of all landscape painters, because the people cannot and have not liberty to go from one country palace to

another to see what the country possesses. The Earl of Leicester has thirteen pictures by this poet painter. The Crown has some, the Marquis of Westminster has several, and other noblemen have in their London palaces direct exquisite specimens. In no one case can we trace a picture by Claude Lorraine that is not poetically treated. The picture called "Morning," in our National Gallery, has, in its composition, every feature of beauty to adorn the Virgil-like character diffused over its whole surface.

It has cliffs surmounted with habitations of a superior caste. These cliffs are variously wooded; and the whole forms a screen to the pearly sky behind. A noble group of trees stand up in the centre of the picture, elegantly varied, leaving one grand *lanquet* as the principal feature. Water is traceable which supplies a fine lake-like expanse, round which the masses of trees stand. These are reflected, and form a double beauty. Cattle are busily feeding, and taking their morning repast with that seeming eagerness common to cattle amongst fresh pasturage. By their positions we are made acquainted with delicacies uneven. When we pass the fine group of trees which the morning breeze is rustling and bending over, the eye escapes over a richly varied distance lost in a distant sea. The very description reads poetically. In the foreground is the story of Jacob and Rachel. This choice at once gives high interest, and raises the scene many steps higher. Claude, though deficient in ability to paint figures, never mistook the proper colours to clothe them with. They are always properly placed.

This beautiful picture is worthy of an ode in its favour. The sky is that of morning, and paints the hour almost, such is the truth. The sun playfully illumines the objects from rear to front, showing the freshness of leaves, still damp with dew, glittering with spangling lights. The fine mass of green trees, of a lovely summer hue,—green, but not gaudy,—presses at to the sun a screen which overshades the pool of water, and allows a depth of colour perfectly natural, while it is poetical in taste. Against this deep-toned water, the cattle browsing are relieved in the most effective manner. Plants natural to such a spot—not great masses of twiggily flimsy Flemish nothings, but ground plants, with broad leaves, decorate the pasturage-ground from the water to the bottom edge of the picture.

This charming work is philosophically put together. The sky makes you think of the description given by Virgil in the "Georgics." It has an infinite space through its pure azure, to lead the mind to eternity. The sea conveys the mind almost over the globe involuntarily, since the sea is a type of great space. The distant landscape shows a cheering scene, beautifully varied, where happiness may easily be supposed to reign with its inhabitants. All is grand, and all is elegant. No paitry fiddle-faddle sea-weedy foliage troubles us.

This is the elevated style of landscape, the poetical, but such as some, nay many, rash people declaim against as insipid. The wise observer, the patient analyser of cause and effect, will revel on what some weak minds insultingly pass over, as if any body could accomplish the same. We have more than two centuries passed away, yet a second Claude has not yet risen any where.

I can only touch lightly on the large sea shore I have just named. I feel I could dilate on its majesty, its glorious features, its superb effect of sunshine, its noble palace, the fragment of a temple, the busy activity in the front scene, to half fill a volume. The sun blazes in the front, and illumines gracefully formed clouds indicative of evening. The hues are golden, but so chaste, that all Lou herbaceous gaudiness is avoided. The sea has a rolling swell in it, most admirably described. The sun reflects in it on its rising heavings, and that reflection leads up to the sun itself. The pure taste afforded by the choice of the architecture of the noble palace, its flights of steps and its columns, and the architectural projections, receiving the sun's light, the colour of the stone or marble being a milky grey, introduces a beauty no man ever before him had done. The temple alludes to ages long past, perhaps 2000 years. Thus we have the 15th century and an age 2000 years previous operating together to entertain the mind. There is, we may say, the far distant past and the present. There have been no geniuses to bring forth such splendid works as these. We see, while looking at it, to feel the cooling breeze which rolls in the waves to break on the shore. There is every thing consistent to be found in the materials of this splendid picture. The sun, the most glorious object of our heavens, our own sun, forms nearly the point of sight for the vanishing lines of all those parallels of the architectural forms of the palace. This unites the two—a gorgeous sun in splendid array, and a superb palace, perhaps the residence of royalty. The cool green colour of the sea contrasts the glow above it; it refreshes and gives a feeling of coolness to the gentle breeze represented faithfully by the action of the waves. The ruin of the temple forms a grand object, to receive shadow and repel all the other features of the subject. It is all so possible, and so natural, that people might easily and readily conceive it a true Italian or Grecian view. But this subject requires still more ample illustration.

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The low price at which these Pens are offered, combined with the quality and style must render them the most popular of any offered to the American public.

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## PARR'S LIFE PILLS.

READ the following testimonials in favor of PARR'S LIFE PILLS, which have been selected from hundreds of similar ones on account of their recent dates:—

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Sinclair Touzey, Postmaster of Joslin's Corners, Madison County, N. Y.

November 4th, 1844.

Messrs. Thomas Roberts & Co.—Gentlemen—I am requested to state to you, that Mr. W. Sturdevant, of Amsterdam, expresses his great satisfaction at the efficacy of Parr's Life Pills. Also, Mr. J. Fairchild, of Genesee in which opinion Mr. A. B. (name of child name), also fully accords. Indeed, these Pills have superseded all others in New York state—they are not a bri-k Pill, but "slow and sure," and I have never yet met with an instance where an invalid has persevered in taking them, that has not been cured of the most obstinate and long-standing dyspeptic diseases.

(Signed)

S. TOUSEY.

Messrs. Thomas Roberts & Co.—Gents.—Having used Parr's Life Pills on several occasions when attacked by violent bilious complaints, and having been fully satisfied of their efficacy, I beg leave in justice to you, as proprietors of the medicine, to testify much.

Yours respectfully,

WM. H. HACKETT

Long Island, Nov. 9, 1844.

New York, Nov. 2, 1844.

Sir—As I have received so much benefit from the use of Parr's Life Pills, I feel it duty I owe to this community, to make the facts in my case public. I was afflicted for 15 years with dyspepsia and erysipelas. It is remedied after remedy, but none appeared to afford me any relief. At last I was induced by a friend to try a box of Parr's Life Pills, which I did, and before I had taken two boxes I found great relief. I have since taken three boxes more, and now thank God, I find myself perfectly cured of the erysipelas, and greatly relieved of the dyspepsia. Judging from my own case, I sincerely believe Parr's Life Pills is the best medicine for the above complaints, and likewise as a family medicine, yet offered to the public—I remain,

Yours respectfully, ELIZABETH BARNES, No. 19 Sixth Avenue, N.Y.

From our Agent in Philadelphia.

## ASTONISHING CURE OF LIVER COMPLAINT.

Messrs. T. Roberts & Co.—Gentlemen—Having received the greatest benefit from the use of Parr's Life Pills, I can give you my testimony in their favour without the least hesitation. For the last five years I have been afflicted with the Liver Complaint, and the pains in my side were great, attended with considerable cough, a stopping and mothering in the throat; for three weeks before I used the Pills I was completely reduced, and had become so weak as to be almost unable to walk; and I could not sleep more than two hours of a night, so completely was my system under the influence of my complaint. I have spent over two hundred dollars for medical attendance, and all the different kinds of medicines celebrated for the cure of the Liver Complaint, without having received any permanent relief, and I can say now that since I have been using Parr's Life Pills, I have been in better health than I have experienced for the last five years. I am also stronger, I sleep as good as ever I did, and can walk any distance.

Any person who doubts these statements as incorrect, by inquiring of me shall receive more particular information.

JOSEPH BARBOUR.

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(Mr. 15-11.)

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Independence, F. P. Allen, Mar. 6, July 6, Nov. 6, April 21, Aug. 21, Dec. 21.

Henry Clay, Ezra Nye, April 6, Aug. 6, Dec. 6, May 21, Sept. 21, Jan. 21.

These ships are of a very superior character; are not surpassed either in point of elegance and comfort of their cabin accommodations, or for their fast sailing qualities and offer great inducements to shippers, to whom every facility will be granted.

They are commanded by experienced and able men, whose exertions will always be devoted to the promotion of the convenience and comfort of passengers.

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St. James, F. R. Meyers, Jan. 1, May 1, Sept. 1, Feb. 20, June 20, Oct. 20.

Northumberland, J. H. Griswold, Jan. 10, May 10, Sept. 10, March 1, July 1, Nov. 1.

Gladiator, R. L. Bunting, Jan. 20, May 20, Sept. 20, March 10, July 10, Nov. 10.

Mediator, J. M. Chadwick, Feb. 1, June 1, Oct. 1, April 20, Aug. 20, Dec. 20.

Switzerland, E. Knight, Feb. 10, June 10, Oct. 10, April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1.

Quebec, F. E. Hebard, Feb. 20, June 20, Oct. 20, April 10, Aug. 10, Dec. 10.

Victoria, E. E. Morgan, March 1, July 1, Nov. 1, May 20, Sept. 20, Jan. 20.

Wellington, D. Chadwick, Jan. 10, May 10, Sept. 10, March 1, July 1, Nov. 1.

Headrick Hulson, D. Moore, Jan. 20, May 20, Sept. 20, March 10, July 10, Nov. 10.

Prince Albert, W. S. Senior, April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1, May 20, Sept. 20, Jan. 20.

Toronto, E. G. Tinker, Jan. 10, May 10, Sept. 10, March 1, July 1, Nov. 1.

Westminster, Hovey, Jan. 20, May 20, Sept. 20, March 10, July 10, Nov. 10.

These ships are all of the first class, and are commanded by able and experienced navigators. Great care will be taken that the beds, wines, stores, &c., are of the best description.

The price of cabin passage is now fixed at \$100 outward for each adult, without wine and liquors. Neither the captains nor the owners of these packets will be responsible for any letters, parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. Apply to

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Ships. Masters. Days of Sailing from New York. Days of Sailing from Liverpool.

Cambridge, W. C. Barstow, June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1, July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 1.

England, S. Bartlett, June 16, Oct. 16, Feb. 16, Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1.

Oxford, J. Rathbone, July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1, Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16.

Montezuma, (new) A. W. Lowber, July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16, Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1.

Europe, G. F. Furber, Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1, Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16.

New York, Thos. B. Cropper, Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16, Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1.

Columbus, G. A. Cole, Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1, Oct. 16, Feb. 16, June 16.

Yorkshire, (new) D. G. Bailey, Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16, Nov. 1, Feb. 1, July 1.

Those ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their cabin accommodations, or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

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Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

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THE principal ingredients of this delightful Oriental Compound, being of Eastern origin, the preparation differs entirely from any other heretofore offered for the same purpose. Its component parts are held in the highest estimation where best known, but the composition itself is entirely new, and only requires a trial of its qualities, to satisfy all of its real worth. It has cost the Proprietors years of labor, and much expense, to bring the article to its present state of perfection, and is now submitted for public favour on its own merits, with the confident belief that it is the best as well as the most economical Shaving Compound now in use.

A perusal of the following testimonials is respectfully requested:—  
PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.—Nothing is more intelligently indicative of the amazing progress of Science in this age, than the innumerable additions which are constantly made to the sum of our minor comforts and luxuries. In our dwellings—in our cooking—in our clothing—in all our enjoyments and conveniences, we are daily receiving new accessions to our comfort. Even in the business of shaving, Science has been ministering largely to our enjoyments. That process, instead of being an affliction, is now positively a comfort—that is, if you use Sands & Co.'s admirable "Shaving Soap." Just try it.—N. Y. Herald.

SOMETHING FOR THE BEARD.—Not to make it grow, Reader—that is not exactly desirable; but a splendid article of Shaving Cream, unsurpassed, and, we believe, unsurpassable. Messrs. A. B. Sands & Co., 273 Broadway are famous for the superiority of every thing they sell in the Drug and Perfumery line; but they never did "bearded man" a greater favor than in furnishing him with "Henry's Chinese Shaving Cream." It is beautiful in appearance, beautiful in use, and a most decided luxury.—New York American Republican.

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Prepared and sold by A. B. SANDS & Co., Chemists and Druggists, 273 Broadway, cor. Chambers-st., N.Y.—Price, 50 cents per jar. Sold also at 75 Fulton-st., and 77 East Broadway, and by Druggists generally in town and country. Agt-3m.

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The operation of this preparation is three-fold. It acts as a tonic, strengthening the digestive power and restoring the appetite, as an aperient, peculiarly suited and gentle in its laxative effect, and as an antiseptic, purifying the fluids of the body, and neutralizing in the blood the active principle of disease. The many well authenticated cures of Scrofula of the most malignant character, wrought by Sands's Sarsaparilla, have given it a well deserved celebrity. But it is not alone in Scrofula nor in the class of diseases to which it belongs, that this preparation has been found beneficial. It is a specific in many diseases of the skin, and may be administered with advantage in all; it also exercises a controlling influence in bilious complaints; and when the system has been debilitated either by the use of powerful mineral medicines or other causes, it will be found an excellent restorative.

The following interesting case is presented, and the reader invited to its careful perusal. Comment on such evidence is unnecessary.

Messrs. A. B. & D. Sands.—Having used your Sarsaparilla in my family, and witnessed its beneficial effects on one of my children, I feel it to be a duty I owe the community to make the case public. About two years ago my little son was attacked with Scrofula or King's Evil, which broke in eight or nine places round the neck and jaw, and which finally affected his eyes, rendering him entirely blind. During the first year from the time he was taken, he was attended by several physicians, but continued to get worse until I despair of his ever getting well. Having seen your Sarsaparilla advertised with certificates of its cures, I concluded I would give it a trial, and accordingly sent to Cincinnati and procured a few bottles, and now, after taking a goodly amount, I have the gratification of saying he is well. The sores are all entirely healed, and his sight nearly as good as ever it was; and I have no hesitation in saying that he was entirely cured by the use of your Sarsaparilla.—Yours truly, E. BASSETT.

The following statement is from a gentleman who is one of the first Druggists in the city of Providence, and from his extensive knowledge of medicines of every kind, and his experience of the effects of Sands's Sarsaparilla, his opinion is one of peculiar value to the afflicted.—

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA.—I speak experimentally when I say that this medicine is far more effectual in the cure of chronic or acute rheumatism than any other preparation I ever tried. Having endured extreme suffering at times within the last five years from repeated attacks of inflammatory or acute Rheumatism, I have recently used Sands's Sarsaparilla with the happiest success; my health is now better than it has been for many months past, my appetite is good, and my strength is rapidly returning. I attribute this healthful change entirely to the use of this potent medicine. Feeling a deep sympathy with those who are afflicted with this most tormenting and painful complaint, I cannot refrain from earnestly recommending to such the use of this valuable specific. Having the most entire confidence in the medicine and skill of Dr. Sands, I was induced thereby to try the effects of their Sarsaparilla, and I take pleasure in adding my testimony to that of many others commendatory of its invaluable properties, unknown to and uncollected by the Messrs. Sands. CHARLES DYER, Jr.

Feb. 15, 1845. Druggist, 40 & 42 Westminster-st., Providence, R.I.

For further particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained gratis.

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A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggist, 70 Fulton-st., 273 Broadway, 77 East Broadway, N.Y.

Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States and Canada. Price \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5. John Holland & Co., Montreal; John Nason, Quebec;

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The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sand's Sarsaparilla that has and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject, and ask for Sand's Sarsaparilla, and take no other.

J119-41.